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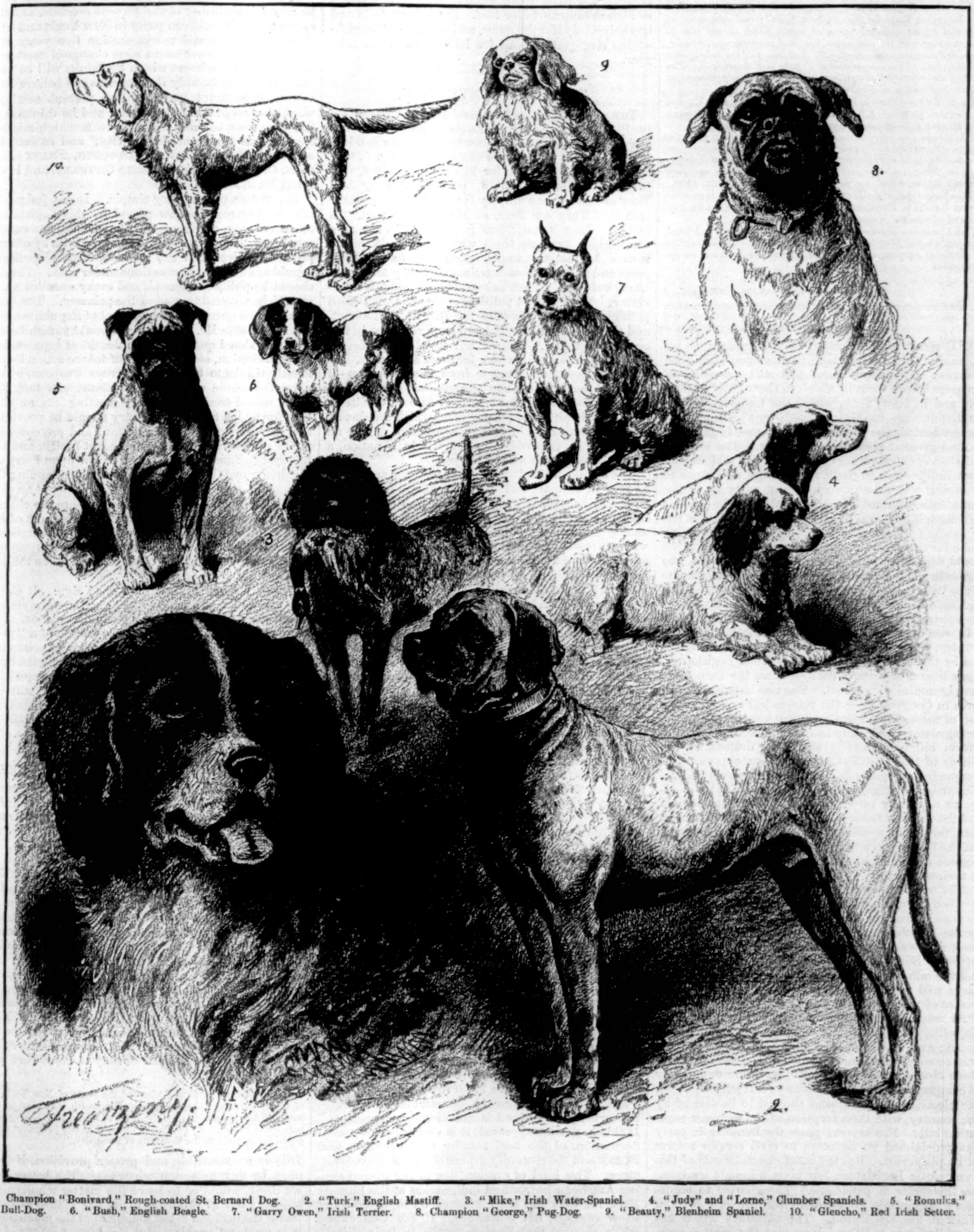


1. Champion "Bonivard," Rough-coated St. Bernard Dog. 2. "Turk," English Mastiff. 3. "Mike," Irish Water-Spaniel. 4. "Judy" and "Lorne," Clumber Spaniels. 5. "Romulus," Bull-Dog. 6. "Bush," English Beagle. 7. "Garry Owen," Irish Terrier. 8. Champion "George," Pug-Dog. 9. "Beauty," Blenheim Spaniel. 10. "Glencho," Red Irish Setter.

SEVENTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB, NEW YORK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 299.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE PARTY GAME.

THE result of the election of last autumn, as we said at the time, put both parties upon their good behavior. The Republicans had still a session of Congress before them in which to show their disposition, and in New York, where the majority against the Republican candidates was overwhelming and unprecedented, the Democrats had the Legislature and the greatest possible opportunity. The election had shown extraordinary dissatisfaction and Republican indifference to party success, and no chance so promising was ever offered to any party as to the Democratic, and not the chance only, but the plainest indication how it was to be improved. This was felt by leading Democrats, and Governor **CLEVELAND** spoke for them in saying that the great result in 1884 would depend entirely upon the conduct of the two parties in the mean time. It was evident that the one of the two parties which should be unable to improve such an opportunity would convict itself of a want of administrative ability which would be properly fatal.

In the contest of the winter for the favor of the country, carried on by the Republicans in Congress and by the Democrats in the New York Legislature, every honest observer must agree that the Democrats have ignominiously failed. The two important measures in Congress were the reform bill and the revision of the tariff. The Republicans were responsible for legislation, and early in the session they passed a reform bill substantially as it was drafted by the friends of reform. The only vigorous opposition to it came from Democrats. Yet the Democrats had vociferously demanded reform, and appealed to the country as especially reformers. The tariff was revised and the revenue reduced. It was the reduction more than the tariff in which the country was interested, but the Democrats left the impression that they would tolerate a redundant revenue if it were not reduced in their own way. Congress adjourned, and the two results which the election had been universally understood imperatively to demand—administrative reform and reduction of the revenue—had been achieved by the Republicans. It was, indeed, the same Congress which six months before had scornfully flouted reform. But it had not then heard from the country, and the immediate question of the winter was, Which party will most truly apprehend and carry out the wishes of the country?

At length the Democratic trial also has ended. As we write, the New York Legislature is about to adjourn; and to what act of that Legislature, to what tone or spirit or promise in its debates, can any sagacious observer point as proof of its desire or capacity to comprehend or to carry out any great purpose which the election of last autumn showed to be desired by the country, with the exception of the primary regulation bill? For several years the Democratic party has proclaimed its devotion to civil service reform in its platforms. But the chief characteristic of this Democratic Legislature has been a greedy grasping for the spoils of patronage. The charter to secure more responsible government for the city of New York it has smothered. The aqueduct bill it has perverted into a huge job, so that the largest property-holders in the city, without regard to party, have assembled publicly to protest. Upon every great measure in which the principles which the election showed to be favored by the people have been involved the Democratic Legislature has taken the wrong position. It has demonstrated the falsehood of its own platforms, and it has renewed in full vigor the deep and general distrust of the party. Viewing the contest of the winter merely as a game, without reference to sincerity or principle, the Democratic party has been incredibly stupid. Had it cordially supported reform in Congress and in the New York Legislature; had it taken a clear and consistent position as a party upon the revision of the tariff; had it passed the reasonable charter proceeding from Democratic hands; had it prevented jobbery in the aqueduct; had it, in a word, feigning a virtue, if no more, shown itself desirous of the reform and economy upon which the public heart was proved by the election to be fixed—it could have greatly disturbed party relations, and have been justified in high anticipations for 1884. But it has totally and ignominiously lost the game, and it has itself furnished the strongest reasons for its general defeat next year.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.

THE president of the late Land League Convention in Philadelphia spoke of England as "the power which has driven us or from which we have fled into exile." This is an accurate description of the "Irish-Americans," as they prefer to call themselves, who held the "Irish Convention" on the following day. They are Americans only by the legal fact of naturalization. They are here, as Mr. **MOONEY** said, "in exile." They value "our government" only as a force which protects them while they endeavor to turn it against a country which they hate. Their pride and perpetual boast are not that they are Americans, but Irish. Their acknowledged leader is a foreigner. Their closest political alliance is with alien politicians and members of the British Parliament, and they use their political and party relations in this country not for American but for Irish interests. This position is a misfortune for them and for us. No nation is better or stronger from the possession of a large foreign population unassimilated in political sympathy, or language, or faith, or historic tradition, or national spirit and purpose, and which sedulously cultivates any kind of foreign allegiance. It is an *imperium in imperio*, a nation within a nation, a separate population among the people.

We do not insist, indeed, that Irishmen are bound to stay in Ireland, and suffer or starve there when they can help themselves by going into exile. Nor do we assert that having left their native land they should forget it and their kindred, and abandon it without further thought or care. Local attachments and traditions are familiar to Americans, and nowhere more fondly cherished than in America. We know very well in this country the charm and value of the feeling which binds New England, or "the South," or "the West," to their children everywhere in the Union. It is a generous and an ennobling sentiment. Natives of Ireland, wherever they may have chosen their homes, will naturally follow with interest the fortunes of that country, and seek to affect favorably toward it, as a moral aid, the good opinion and sympathy of the country which they have made their own. But this can not be done by treating the country as a mere convenience, and its citizenship only as a means of more effectively promoting the interests of another country. Those citizens only can affect favorably the feeling of Americans who are thoroughly identified with them. The impression of the late convention in Philadelphia was that of an assembly of foreigners, not of citizens, so that its tone of demand upon the government of the United States seemed singularly impudent. The proceedings were like those of a club of the English or American "colony" in Paris or Berlin or Rome, the enthusiasm of aliens whose pleasure or profit it is to remain for some time in those cities, but who take good care to have it known that their hearts and hopes are elsewhere.

If such a Convention was to be held, its chief aim should have been to conciliate the favor of the country in which it assembled. The one way to do that in this case was to state the actual wrongs of Ireland to-day, and to denounce unequivocally the Dynamite policy as a method of redress. The method chosen was a recital of injustice long since abandoned; bitter denunciation of the most friendly administration to Ireland ever known, which has been earnestly engaged in seeking measures of relief; and not only an omission to denounce the Dynamite system of crime, but this declaration, "There is no form of retaliation to which despair or madness may resort for which English cruelty in Ireland is not directly responsible." If this is not an approval, it is certainly not a condemnation, of the foul murder of **CAVENDISH** and **BURKE** and the cowardly crimes of Dynamite conspirators. This kind of evasion, due to the overwhelming American horror and indignation at the Phœnix Park murders and their kindred outrages, does not show courage, but cowardice. If the Convention really thought that English cruelty in Ireland justified the assassination of Lord **CAVENDISH**, it should have said so frankly. If it thought otherwise, the manly and honorable course was to say so with equal frankness. But its cautiously chosen words,

> "Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,"

would not deter a single criminal from a single crime. No man can read the resolution which ends with the words that we have quoted without feeling that its spirit, if not its purpose, condones any crime whatever. If the Convention had said that it would give its sympathy to constitutional agitation or to open and honorable war with England, but that it held every Irishman who plotted assassination as an enemy to Ireland, it would have gained a sympathy which it has not gained now.

MR. BLISS UPON HARMONY.

MR. **GEORGE BLISS**, who has often pointed out very plainly the absurdity of the present machine organization of the Republican party in New York, and who says that he opposed reorganization two years ago because it would have been a mere change of machine, now proposes a scheme which he thinks will be useful. He states frankly that he does not believe that any re-adjustment made by the present machine would be acceptable to the party, and he thinks that the work must be undertaken by "a few high-minded Republicans from outside the city," and as such he mentions Messrs. **J. W. WADSWORTH**, **FRANK HISCOCK**, **O. W. CHAPMAN**, **RICHARD CROWLEY**, and **HAMILTON FISH**, Jun.

Mr. **BLISS**'s plan is very simple. In his judgment the primary election law passed by this Legislature opens the way, and he would have a complete enrollment made every year before the primaries by officers previously elected at the primaries. The applicant should answer certain questions under oath. The list should be publicly exposed, and every enrolled voter should be entitled to vote at the primary. The only troublesome question would be that of Republicanism, but the trouble Mr. **BLISS** thinks would vanish before well-considered questions as to the ticket supported at the last election, etc. Pledges of future action he evidently thinks to be very dangerous weapons, which upon the whole should be let alone. In fact, Mr. **BLISS** would treat the primary meeting like an election for which a careful registry should be provided, and by removing all the objections and pretenses for political inactivity which the present foolish and unfair system furnishes, he would throw upon every individual voter the responsibility of not attending the primary as he now bears that of not voting at an election. The essential points to arrange are the character of the enrolling officers and the evidences of Republicanism. Upon the latter point the suggestion of Mr. **REID** in his letter to the committee of inquiry is very forcible, that the chief test should be the last Presidential vote.

The letter of Mr. **BLISS** is a good sign. It shows what an active politician thinks may be a simple and satisfactory settlement of the party dissensions. But more and better than that, it is the tribute of a "practical politician" to the law which regulates primaries, which, like most of the measures which practical politicians despise, is really practical and progressive politics. The committee upon "harmony" will undoubtedly consider the suggestions of Mr. **BLISS**, for it is plainly in some such way, independent of the familiar machine, that "harmony" is to be sought.

THE DISAGREEMENT OF THE DOCTORS.

THE doctors in New York are disagreeing upon a point which it is incredible should occasion any difference whatever among humane and intelligent men. A physician professionally dedicates himself to the cure of disease and the alleviation of suffering. If he comprehends his position as it is understood by reasonable men, he morally engages to do anything to promote those purposes which is not repugnant to good morals or good sense. To quote the reason alleged in the rhyme for not liking Dr. Fell as a serious reason for refusing to consult with him professionally, is to plead prejudice as an excuse for inhumanity. The follies of certain medical men have been the butt of some of the choicest satire and ridicule in literature, and the solemn medical prig and pedant is among the most familiar and absurd figures of the comic stage. Certainly the position taken by several New York physicians in the pending controversy recalls the most contemptuous touches of **MOLIÈRE** and **LE SAGE**.

The code of the Medical Society of New York provides that

> "Members of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and of the medical societies in affiliation therewith, may meet in consultation legally qualified practitioners of medicine. Emergencies may occur in which all restrictions should, in the judgment of the practitioner, yield to the demands of humanity."

This is a reasonable and proper provision, if there must be any provision whatever. The better way, we think, would be to leave the matter wholly unrestricted; but as this rule in its last clause virtually leaves the decision to the judgment of the practitioner, it is unobjectionable. But Dr. **AUSTIN FLINT**, Jun., and his friends wish to prohibit professional consultation with those whom they consider to be irregular or trade-mark practitioners; and as a large and most accomplished and admirable body of physicians call themselves or are called homœopathic physicians, Dr. Flint and his friends would prohibit consultation with them. Of course we should no more bespeak "regular," or "allopathic," sympathy with homœopathy than the approval of Prelacy for Dissent, or of the Vatican for Canterbury or Geneva. But the question is not one of sympathy with any "school" of medicine, or of approval of any theoretical method of treatment. It is a point of humanity and common-sense. Shall the members of the Medical Society refuse to use any reasonable means to acquaint themselves with a case of sickness which they may be called to treat? If the patient has been under the care of a person who calls himself an astrologer, and who professes to cure by faith or the imposition of hands, shall the members of the Medical Society, for that reason, be obliged to refuse to exercise their discretion?

It is certainly too late in the day to assume that because a practitioner calls himself a homœopath he is therefore an ignorant man, without the experience and training which enable accomplished intelligence to deal with disease. A rule, therefore, which would forbid a physician to avail himself of the valuable aid which such a man could render him in the treatment of a case would be a rule, it seems to us, intolerable to every self-respecting and independent mind. It is not surprising that the proposition to abridge the liberty of association which is now guaranteed should have deeply excited the medical profession. But it is very surprising that the advocates of restriction should have adopted the most disgraceful caucus methods to carry their point, so that Doctors Barker, Agnew, Rossa, and Cushman, all of them justly eminent gentlemen in their profession, were compelled at once to resign. This act, which had no reference to homœopathy, or allopathy, or Thompsonian, or Botanic, or Indian doctors, but only to the conduct of gentlemen, led to a pause in the business, and the whole question goes over to the autumn. By that time we trust that the plain expression of public opinion on all sides will have shown the reactionary body how grave an error they have committed.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

The Niagara bill has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law, and the Commissioners have been nominated and confirmed. The bill provides simply for an inquiry into the probable cost and character of the proposed reservation of the immediate neighborhood of the cataract, to preserve unimpaired and for free public study and enjoyment the grandeur and beauty of the sublime spectacle. To have suffered the practical obliteration of the noblest natural scene upon the continent by disfiguring masses of buildings and obstructions of every kind would have been an intolerable disgrace to the Imperial State.

To no one man will the rescue and proper preservation of the great spectacle be due more than to the president of the Niagara Falls Association, Mr. Howard Potter. With the most unostentatious energy, generosity, and intelligence he has spared no effort to secure a result in which all good citizens were interested, which they all approved, but which, except for the special interest and aid which Mr. Potter has given—wholly, of course, upon public grounds—could not have been accomplished. He has had earnest and active associates, and all, without exception, animated by the same high and generous public spirit.

The Governor has named Commissioners whose fitness will immediately commend itself to public approval. That Mr. Potter is not among them is undoubtedly due to the fact that he prefers still to serve as unconspicuously as heretofore. It is certainly a matter of congratulation that so great an enterprise, and so honorable and becoming to the State of New York, should have begun under auspices which prevent any suspicion of jobbery, and there is no reason to doubt that the good sense and energy which have conducted it thus far will attend it to the end.

THE CHIEF EXAMINER.

Mr. D. B. Eaton has written a letter to the *Times* repelling criticisms and insinuations in regard to the selection of Mr. Keim as Chief Civil Service Examiner. He states that Mr. Keim was not his first choice, but that he was, upon the whole, the best available choice under the circumstances. He denies that "the Cameron influence" dictated the selection, and he asserts that Mr. Keim has favored sound principles in a published report and in a consular bill which he drew.

Mr. Eaton's personal relation to the reform is beyond question. His knowledge of the subject is very great; his ability in the discussion is established; his fidelity is unimpeachable. All this is not debatable. And Mr. Keim may have expressed sound sentiments in a report and in a bill. But it does not follow that his selection was not a very grave error. For how does it happen that having expressed such sentiments ten years ago, and being an active politician familiar in Washington and all political circles, and the editor of a paper during all the agitation of the question, from the appointment of the first Advisory Commission in 1871 down to the passage of the reform bill at the very end of 1882, Mr. Keim was not only not known as a friend and supporter of reform, but was known as a close political supporter of Mr. Cameron and of the system which was to be reformed?

In the answer to that question lies the conclusive reason against his selection, and it would have been recreancy to the cause for the friends of reform to acquiesce without protest. But we do not wish to prolong the controversy, and while we feel that the appointment must be regarded as extremely unfortunate, and justly provocative of public amazement and incredulity, we certainly do not suppose that reform is abandoned or the Commission treacherous because of a serious mistake. Its action and the career of the Chief Examiner will be followed still more attentively, and the Commissioners will doubtless see in the universal criticism which has been made in this instance how strong and general and intelligent are the public interest and expectation in regard to their work.

THE LATE DR. WILBUR.

Dr. H. B. Wilbur, the head of the State Institution for Idiots at Syracuse, who died suddenly last week, was a man who will not be forgotten by those who knew him and his pathetic and beneficent work. From early life his temperament and character called him to the discharge of a duty for which his peculiar fitness was a genius as positive as that of a painter or a musician for his art. Dr. Wilbur's professional accomplishment in his special department was very great. But in that department his personal qualities were as unusual and as indispensable. His infinite patience and tenderness and gentleness were not less than his sagacity and intelligence, and his long experience enhanced the practical value of his admirable qualities. Naturally a life passed among innocent sufferers from a calamity which they could not comprehend produced in him a subdued and sympathetic manner which made his essential manliness only the more striking and touching. His work was, like himself, most modest and noiseless. But among the citizens of the State whose activities are true and humane public services and whose characters are benedictions to all who are associated with them, none deserves a more lasting and grateful remembrance than this kindly gentleman, accomplished physician, and trusty friend.

THE AQUEDUCT JOB.

The press of the city of New York was virtually unanimous in demanding that the new aqueduct should not be made a job. The Commissioners earnestly urged the same view. The Mayor sustained it by a strong appeal. A large public meeting of the tax-payers dispatched a weighty committee to press upon the Legislature the necessity of defending the work against corruption and reckless extravagance. But the Legislature contemptuously disregarded all remonstrance and appeal, and crowned its long series of offenses against the public welfare by imposing an enormous job upon the tax-payers of New York. The sole hope of baffling the nefarious schemes of mercenary politicians now lies in the Governor's veto. It is to meet precisely such emergencies that the veto power is intrusted to the Chief Magistrate as the final defense of the people. It is to the Governor that the intelligent people of the city now turn for protection.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

The Harpers have just published two delightful works of literary criticism and history, Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, and Simcox's *History of Latin Literature from Ennius to Boethius.* Mr. Perry is university lecturer upon English Literature at our Cambridge, and his volume is made up of lectures delivered in Cambridge and repeated in Baltimore. Mr. Simcox is of "English Oxford," and his work is a complete and comprehensive survey of his subject.

Mr. Perry's plan permits an easy colloquial treatment which is very charming; and without proposing to himself either a history or cyclopædia of the time that he has chosen to illustrate, he aims to trace the laws of progressive literary development as they are exhibited in the works of the eighteenth century. This scheme involves naturally some critical consideration of such authors as mainly serve his purpose, and his evident familiarity with the times and the men and their books makes his volume an exceedingly pleasant picture of them from a fresh point of view. It will remind readers once more of the rich resources of our literature even for those who can not spare time for extensive or profound study.

Mr. Simcox's *Latin Literature* is a work of thorough scholarship, and, like Mr. Perry, he treats it so well from the humane and not from the Dryasdust point that the story of the old literature glows like an old picture over which a freshening sponge has been passed. There is no better introduction to the literary period which it covers, and no more satisfactory account of the authors, whose names at least are familiar. The work popularizes the subject without vulgarizing it, and illustrates a scholarship whose literary touch is not less genial and charming because it is accurate and thorough.

PERSONAL.

Queen Victoria issued an order that no lamb should be eaten this season by the royal household. The price of that meat in Smithfield Market soon fell from twenty-eight cents a pound to eighteen cents a pound.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Alma Tadema has not been fortunate in his engravers. The peculiarities of his touch are not to be rendered by any of the modern known methods." There are several engravers in this country to whom Mr. Alma Tadema's friends should commend him. There are no peculiarities of his touch which these artists can not render.

—A Vienna correspondent asserts that "the imperfect and little-spread knowledge of the English language is the reason why the Vienna critics are not very eloquent in discussing the merits and faults of Mr. Edwin Booth." But our New York critics seem to have experienced no difficulty in handling Salvini, who spoke in Italian.

—The *Athenæum* on Emerson's poetry: "Although we can not think highly of Emerson's verse, it certainly finds honor in his own country."

—We find in the *Bay City Tribune* the following touching anecdote of the late Professor Cocker, of Michigan University: "Shortly before his death he called the attention of his pastor to a worn and faded shawl spread on his bed, and requested to have it wrapped around his body and buried with him. He had made it himself when a young man in England; had worn it in all his journeyings to and fro over the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, when residing in Australia, when he escaped from the Feejee Islanders when they were preparing to kill and roast him, and when he was shipwrecked. It accompanied him when he landed in the United States, and even clad the remains of his dead child when, penniless and disheartened, he first arrived in Adrian. His wish was gratified."

—In the great fire which recently occurred in Paternoster Square, London, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. lost the whole of their bound stock, a few MSS., some valuable sketches, and various wood-blocks. Fortunately a large portion of the MSS. for forth-coming books was already in the printer's hands, and the bound stock was not nearly so extensive as it would have been at a later period of the year.

—In answer to an invitation by a committee appointed to procure competitive models for an equestrian statue of Paul Revere, to be erected at Boston, eight artists, whose names were in sealed envelopes, sent in designs. After a careful examination the committee selected three models, awarding the place of honor to one which, on opening the accompanying envelope, proved to be by Mr. James E. Kelly, of New York. Mr. Kelly's model represents the hero on the Charlestown side of the Charles River, at the moment when he first sees the lights on the tower of the Old North Church. He has caught the horse firmly by the mane with the left hand, the left foot in the stirrup, and with the right hand he grasps the saddle. In the act of vaulting into his seat he turns his head for a last look, and his attitude, as well as that of his horse, is exceedingly dramatic, and far removed from the conventional treatment. Mr. Kelly, who is well known as a gifted and original artist for Harper's Weekly and other illustrated periodicals, and also for his many excellent models and designs, was recently the successful one among forty competitors for the design of a statue commemorative of the battle of Monmouth.

—Photographs of five likenesses of Wordsworth have been presented by the Wordsworth Society of London to its members. The artists are the painters Henry Inman, Haydon, and Miss Gillies, and the sculptors Fletcher and Thrupp. Inman's portrait was painted for Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, and was considered by the poet's wife to be the best ever made of her husband. Mr. Inman was one of our earliest and most prominent National Academicians.

—The wife of Minister J. R. Lowell, according to a letter in the New York *Times*, has long been an invalid, and, in consequence, has only lately been presented at court. The state of her health making necessary the greatest care, she applied for permission to wear a somewhat different dress from that which is the rule at the Queen's Drawing-Room. The Queen, in extending to Mrs. Lowell the needed dispensation, sent a message requesting her not to go to the royal reception without the permission of her medical advisers, and adding that if they were not of opinion that she could do so with safety, the Queen would have much pleasure in paying her a visit at the Legation. Mrs. Lowell attended the Drawing-Room, and was very much gratified by the kindness of the English Queen, who is now herself an invalid.

—Three hundred and ten dollars were paid at the auction sale of Mr. C. Fiske Harris's library for the Menzies copy of a small volume of Burns's poems, "chiefly in the Scottish dialect." Book collectors are pleased with the fact that at the Menzies sale, several years ago, the same volume brought only $155.

—An interesting concert will be given at Chickering Hall on Friday evening, May 11, by the Columbia College Glee Club, in aid of the fund for the expenses of the Columbia crews this coming season. The club is young, but under the careful leadership of Mr. A. D. Woodruff it has developed rapidly, and in a very gratifying manner. Mr. Edgar D. Seaman is the warbler, and Mr. Robert Arrowsmith manager. A varied programme of college glees and warbles has been arranged, and New-Yorkers who like to see Columbia push the blue and white to the front will be doubly repaid for the purchase of tickets. These are one dollar each, and there are no reserved seats.

—A memorial cross of fine white freestone, consisting of a base about seven feet square and two inches thick, a pedestal about four feet and a half high and four feet square, an ornamental shaft, the cross proper, and a cap or finial, has been erected at Bolton Abbey, England, by the tenantry of the Duke of Devonshire, in honor of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish. The inscription on the pedestal was decided upon by the widow of that nobleman and his sister, and reads as follows:

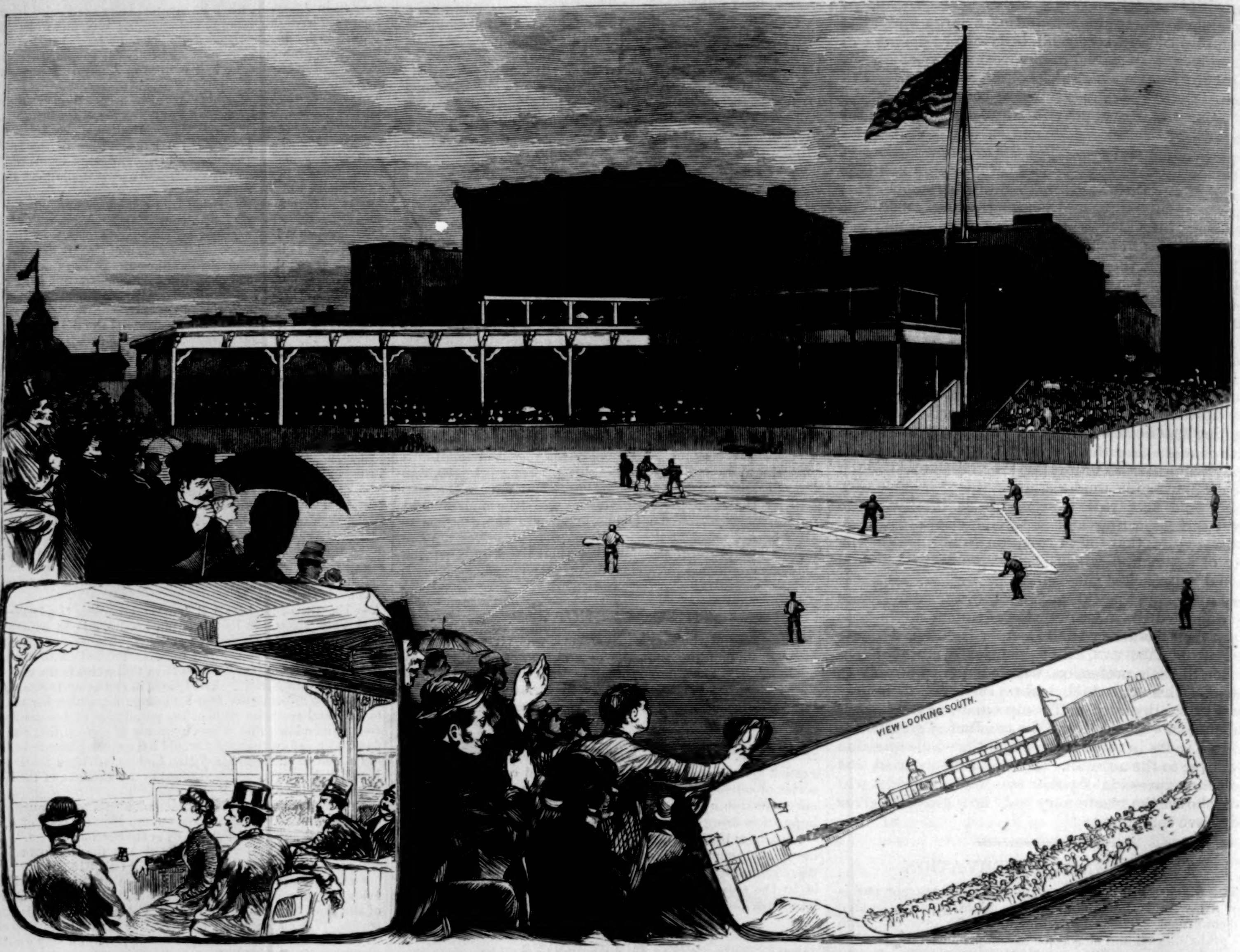
"To the beloved memory of
Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish,
Son of William, 7th Duke of Devonshire,
And of Blanche Georgiana, his wife,
Born November 30th 1836:
He went out as Chief Secretary to Ireland,
'Full of love to that country,
Full of hope for her future,
Full of capacity to render her service.'
And was murdered in the Phœnix Park, Dublin,
Within twelve hours of his arrival,
May 6th 1882.
'The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire,
And fulfill all thy mind.'"

The lines first quoted are the words used by Mr. Gladstone when announcing to the House of Commons the news of the assassination.

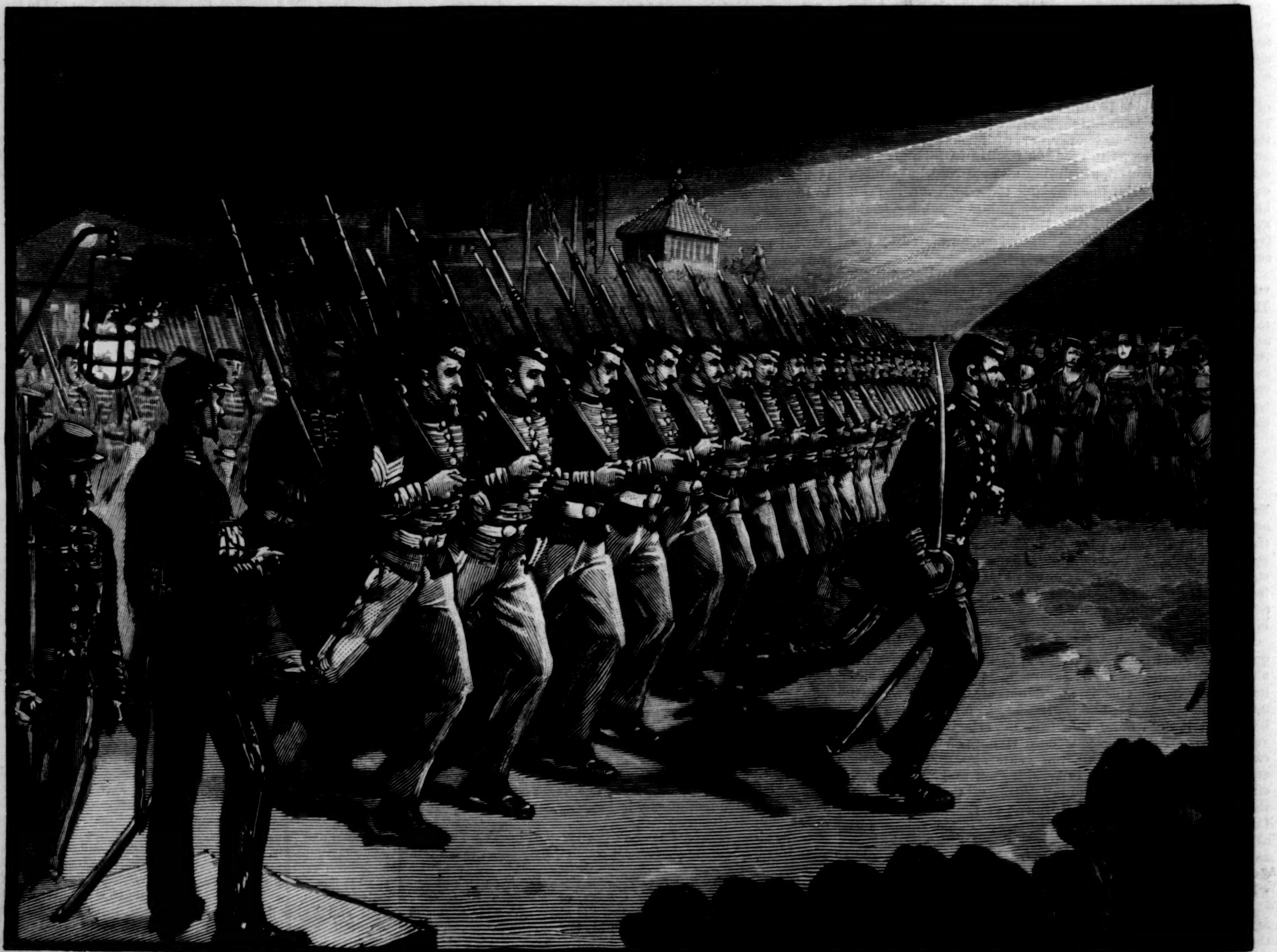
—Charlotte von Kalb, the friend of Schiller, Herder, Fichte, and especially of Jean Paul Richter, appears again in literature by means of a volume of her letters to Richter, lately published in Germany. She was a passionate, large-souled, and audacious creature, who used to say that it took a Jean Paul Richter to understand her. But though her avowals to that distinguished author were unmistakable, he married Caroline Mayer, preferring, as he said, "a gentle maiden who could cook for him, and laugh and cry with him," to one who, like Charlotte, was always ready to "venture flight into the infinite."

—Marshal McMahon, at a public reception last month, was described as still erect, and retaining his fresh complexion; "but age is telling upon him. He was stimulated for a while by the salutations of old friends, and then he folded his arms on his chest and went to sleep."

—Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his *Portfolio*, the leading art journal in the English language, writes a very interesting notice of a well-known book: "We have seldom come across a more delightful book in its way than *Highways and Byways of New England*, by William H. Gibson (Harper & Brothers, New York). As the title indicates, the letterpress is descriptive of rural life and scenery; a love of nature that is Wordsworthian in its reverence, the close and patient observation of an artist, the peculiar humor of a genial American in the study of men and things—these are qualities that give a quite individual freshness and vigor to Mr. Gibson's account of his wanderings, sketch-book in hand, up hill and down dale. The contents of the sketch-book furnish the illustrations to the book, most of them accurate and exceedingly careful and intricate studies of foreground material, or of groups of plants and flowers, of insects or birds, with also some general landscape subjects. The skill with which these notes and studies have been reproduced and printed by the wood-engravers is beyond praise. The varied tone, the imitative interpretation of the artist's touch, the intelligent following of his delicate effects of light and dainty drawing of form, make these among the most beautiful examples of the American school of wood-engraving which we have seen. The name of the engraver is printed against each title of illustration—a tribute only just where at least as much is due to the interpreter as to the designer."


VIEW LOOKING SOUTH.

THE NEW BASE-BALL GROUNDS AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by L. Braunhold.—[See Page 299.]



A NIGHT DRILL ON THE LEVEE AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 300.]

OLD MINCHEON'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

> "Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
> And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
> Each of the other's being, and no heed;
> And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
> Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
> And all unconsciously shape every act
> And bend each wandering step to this one end:
> That one day, out of darkness, they shall meet,
> And read life's meanings in each other's eyes."

In the twilight of a summer day a young man was walking briskly through a grass-grown side street of a provincial town. As he walked he looked about, and seemed to patronize impartially both the shabby cottages and magnificent elm-trees. He was good-looking, and reputed clever, and had been much petted by his mother and sisters and other women.

With all these excellent reasons for self-esteem, he could not be expected to repress a sense of superiority when he found himself in a town of no importance whatever except as a point of departure for remote Canadian fishing grounds.

He was following a ragged boy laden with a portmanteau, rifle, and fishing-rods. These traps were marked, "Frank Aldridge, New York," and were of that correct and costly kind affected by young and wealthy sportsmen. Mr. Aldridge had not yet indulged in any conversation with his guide, though he was taking notes and meaning to ask questions later. As a clumsy vehicle, for which he knew no name, rolled past him down the street, he exclaimed,

"Halloa! What's that?"

The boy turned and grinned.

"That's Old Mincheon, and his chariot, and his granddaughter."

"Chariot! Good name for it. Curious. But everything here is curious."

Aldridge relapsed into silence, but his eyes followed the chariot until it disappeared round a corner.

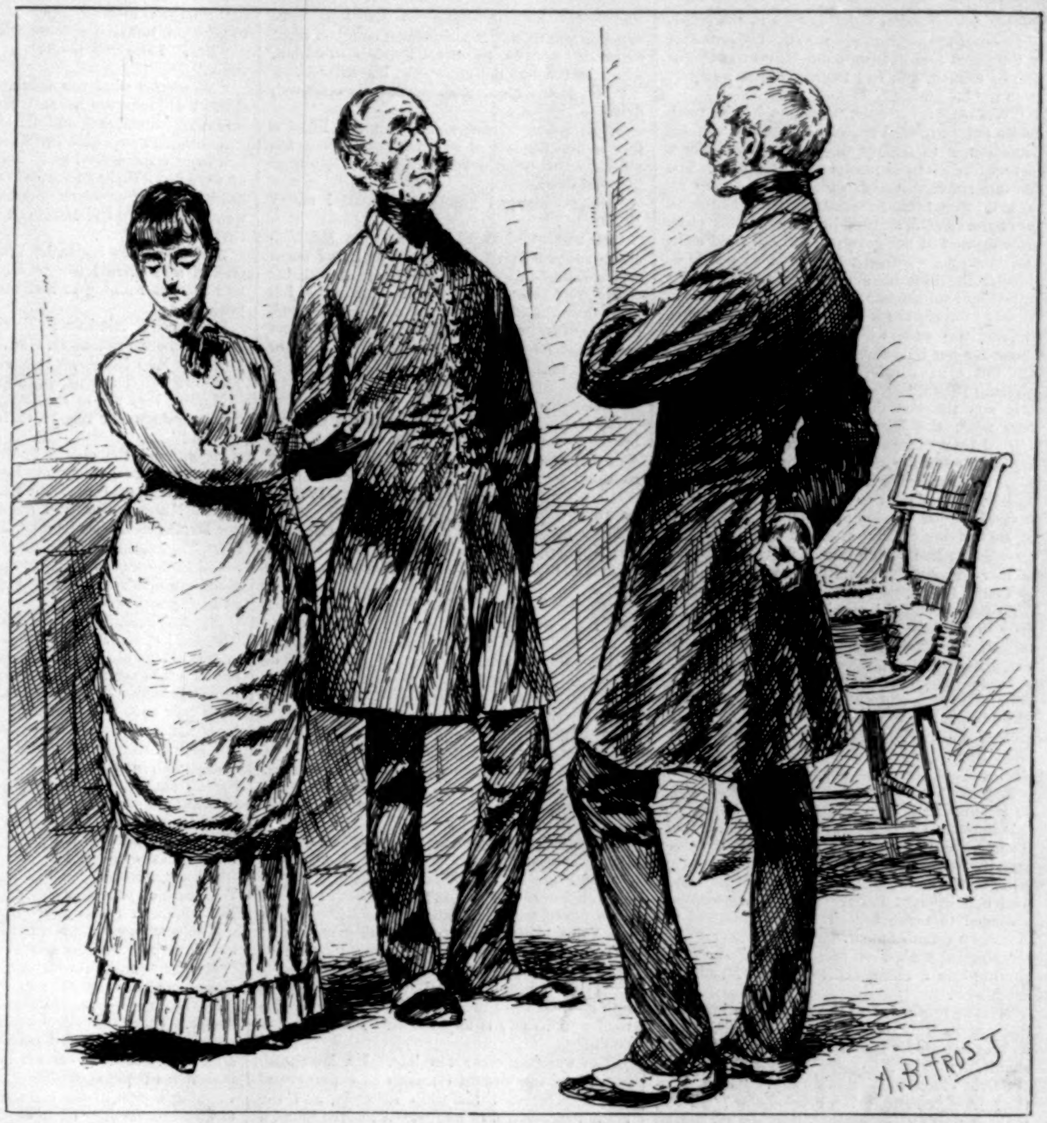
The gentleman irreverently termed "Old Mincheon" was by far the most aristocratic person in the town. He was poor, but in a community where no one is rich, poverty is not a disability. It was commonly said that nothing Old Mincheon had was his own excepting his chariot, his granddaughter, and his family ghost.

The ghost was, except in reputation, strictly private property. No one but Old Mincheon had ever seen it or talked with it, but *he* was, in popular parlance, "cheek by jowl with the sperrit."

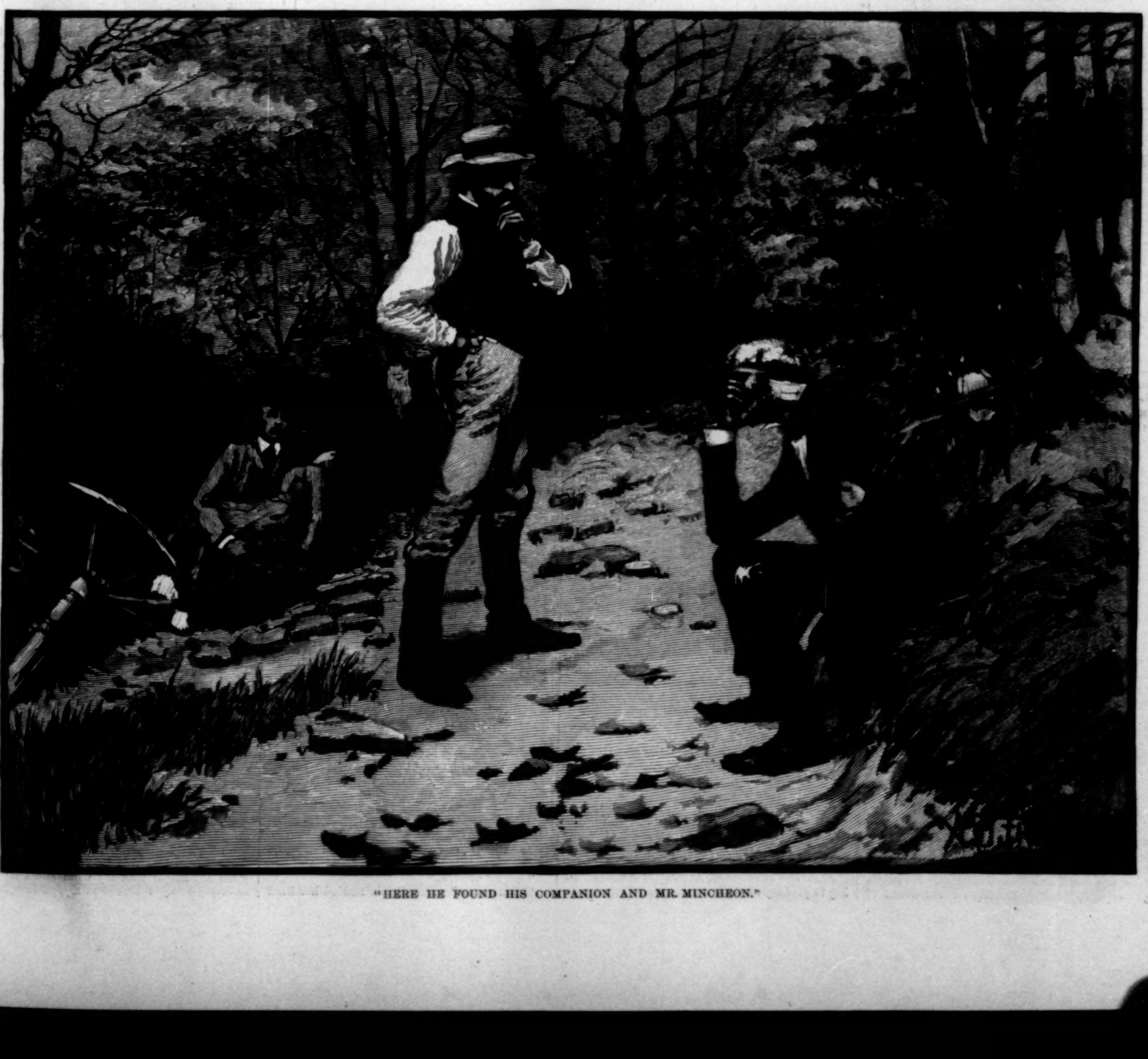
The ghost had exercised a maligu influence upon the existence of Old Mincheon's granddaughter. Little Sylvia Mincheon was never quite sure whether her grandfather's familiar or his chariot was most responsible for her sorrows, for it was in driving out in the latter that she had generally received the commands of the former. The two were in her fancy so inseparable that she had lain awake many a night imagining the uncouth vehicle transformed into an uncanny shape, which boldly entered her grandfather's room, and there in the darkness expressed objectionable sentiments and issued disagreeable orders.

Sylvia was the only child of Old Mincheon's only son. This son had been an officer in a regiment of the line. He had served in India, married there, and died. Dying, he had bequeathed to his father a little daughter and a store of Indian bric-à-brac in gold and in ivory. So Sylvia, aged three, had come with her English nurse, and her trunks stuffed full of rare silks and muslins and shawls, to grow up in a small provincial town in the exclusive society of an old man and a ghost.

To the credit of her sweet temper and innocent mind be it said,



THE BETROTHAL.



"HERE HE FOUND HIS COMPANION AND MR. MINCHEON."

she never questioned the existence of the ghost, or asserted her will in opposition. Unfortunately the ghost had definite opinions on the education of women, and had expressed itself clearly from the beginning.

"Women," it had said, "have no definite tendencies except toward frivolity. The end of their education is to modify these tendencies, which history teaches us can never be eradicated." The desolate conviction with which the ghost, as reported, uttered this fundamental truth had sunk into Sylvia's soul, and led her to model her character on that of her governess, whose rigid ideas and gloomy deportment presented as nearly as possible the desirable antipodes of frivolity. She faithfully read the books which the ghost selected, wore the clothes it considered most appropriate, and was even willing to marry the man it chose for her husband—a man three times her age, but always referred to by the ghost as "Young Blight."

It was the last day of Sylvia's seventeenth year when the Mincheon turn-out had been dubbed by a flippant sportsman "Curious"—an important day for the girl in more ways than one. That morning her governess had been dismissed, and had gone to another household, there to continue her mission of checking girlish levity by an edifying exhibition of gloom. That afternoon Sylvia had been informed that the next day, at four o'clock, she would be formally betrothed to Young Blight.

At the appointed hour she put her hand trustfully in Blight's, and repeated after her grandfather: "I, Sylvia Mincheon, promise to marry you, Timothy Blight, three months from to-day."

As the words fell from her lips she felt the hold of Blight's sinewy hand tighten. She looked up into his face, and an expression of surprise, quickly followed by fear, filled her eyes. She was experiencing the first emotion of her life—one of dislike for the gaunt figure and yellow bristly face of "Young Blight," accompanied by an impulse to cry out, "No, no!" Restraining this impulse, she jerked her hand from her betrothed, and in spite of a sharp reproof from her grandfather, ran out of the room. She flew straight to the kitchen, the domain of the nurse who had brought her from India, and who had managed to make herself indispensable to the Mincheon establishment.

"Martha, a glass of water, please," she cried, sinking into a chair, and looking at Martha beseechingly.

Martha responded to the expression instantly. She caught the girl in her arms and kissed her, and exclaimed, "It's a cruel shame—a cruel shame, my darlin'."

Sylvia clung to Martha's neck. "Is it, Martha? Are you sure it is a cruel shame?" Then, without waiting for confirmation, she picked up a hat and shawl lying on a chair and ran out into the garden. She felt and saw nothing clearly. A whole world of doubt had suddenly been opened, and the child stood dazed at the threshold. Mechanically she went to the gate, and climbed up to her seat in the chariot in waiting.

Presently Mr. Mincheon and Mr. Blight came down the garden walk together, the older leaning on the arm of the younger. Nature had cast the two men in the same mould—a mould in which the length was in extravagant proportion to the breadth. Blight offered Mincheon the fine flattery of affecting his style. Mr. Mincheon wore tight black trousers, a bottle-green frock-coat ornamented with military braid, a high black stock, and white beaver hat with a peculiarly long and furry nap. Mr. Blight's dress was an imitation, exaggerated even to the nap of his hat, which seemed to Sylvia to flutter in the breeze like the ruffled feathers of the geese waddling at will in the gutters of the town. Mr. Mincheon waved a black-rimmed eyeglass in his right hand; Mr. Blight's left toyed with a gold-rimmed glass. When Mr. Mincheon smiled he showed one row of painfully false teeth; when Mr. Blight smiled he unblushingly displayed two.

To-day they were both smiling and multiplying their wrinkles in the expression of pleasure. No reference was made to Sylvia's rather abrupt termination to the ceremony of betrothal. Mr. Mincheon mounted the chariot and took the reins. To Sylvia's relief, Mr. Blight did not offer to shake hands with her. Lifting his hat, he made an angular bow from the waist, and said, "Good-by."

Mr. Mincheon, volubly quoting the ghost, drove rapidly toward the ferry, with the evident intention of proceeding to the opposite side of the river. Sylvia, with her hat pulled over her eyes, gave herself up to contemplating the change which had come over her, and to keeping back the tears dangerously near the surface.

She was wholly unconscious of what was going on about her until the boat touched the farther shore, and the advance of the chariot was stopped for a moment by the interlocking of its wheels with that of another vehicle. She looked up then, and saw two men in a light wagon backing out of their way. One she recognized, but the other was a stranger, of a different class, and, as Sylvia saw at once, of distinguished appearance. This stranger, unconcerned by the difficulties which were testing his companion's skill in managing horses, was leaning forward looking at Sylvia, and as her eyes met his he exclaimed, "Poor little thing!"

Hope leaped up in Sylvia's heart, and color dyed her face, for she felt instinctively that the sympathetic words specially applied to her. At that moment the backing was successfully accomplished, and the Mincheon progress being no longer impeded, the chariot moved on ahead. Sylvia dared not look back. She hoped the wagon would pass them, and that she would have another look at the stranger who she fancied had come by miracle to her assistance. This hope was doomed to disappointment. No wagon passed, and, listening intently for the sound of wheels, she became convinced that they were alone on the road. Mr. Mincheon coughed three extra dry coughs to arrest Sylvia's attention, which he felt was not entirely at his disposal.

"For, as the ghost most pertinently observed, Sylvia—" he began.

Sylvia suddenly clasped his arm, and lifted a face to him the like of which for passionate anguish he had never seen in all his cut-and-dried life, and cried,

"Oh, grandpapa! grandpapa! *must* I marry Mr. Blight?"

One instant of awful silence; then Mr. Mincheon shook Sylvia from his arm as if her touch was contamination, and carefully dusted his sleeve with his handkerchief. The reins fell loose over the dash-board. Mr. Mincheon stuck his eyeglass in his eye, folded his arms, and craned his long neck round above the edge of his stock until he faced Sylvia crouching back in her seat.

"*Must* you marry Mr. Blight?"

His voice expressed about as much comprehension of the meaning of the words as if he was uttering a Chinese salutation, learned by rote, and warranted suitable for all occasions.

"Yes, grandpapa—must I? must I? Is there no way out of it?"

From her vehemence a dim perception of her idea appeared to dawn in Old Mincheon's brain, expressed in a cruel tightening of his close-shaven lips.

"Pray, Sylvia, if you do not marry Mr. Blight, may I ask whom you will marry?"

This application of the Socratic method stunned Sylvia. She had only thought of getting rid of Mr. Blight, and she felt that if marrying another man was a necessary alternative, her case was indeed desperate.

"I don't know—I don't know, I'm sure."

The helplessness of this reply had the effect of exploding Old Mincheon's imposing calmness. He lifted the whip, which had hitherto been a purely ornamental appendage to the chariot, and whirled it in the air. He recklessly lashed the horse, which, unaccustomed to such usage, dashed along the road at a rate threatening destruction.

"And may I ask, Sylvia," he gasped, "the interpretation of the phrase, 'no way out of it'? I have never heard the ghost, whose English, as you know, is at once spirited and elegant—"

The reference to the ghost roused Sylvia to hysterical interruption:

"I know, grandpapa. But the ghost got me into it—that is—I mean— Oh, take care! The road round there is impassable. Don't turn!—don't!"

The warning came too late. Mr. Mincheon, excited by this defiant criticism of supernatural authority, applied his whip savagely, and the horse took control of affairs. A swerve round a sharp corner, a swaying to and fro on the narrow path between the woods and a steep bank, then Old Mincheon and Sylvia, horse and chariot, were all rolling over down toward a deep, rapid stream.

Sylvia's next sensation was one of faintness and heavy oppression on the eyelids. She was feebly conscious that something unusual had happened. When she opened her eyes and saw the pine-trees above her head, and a man unlike her grandfather kneeling beside her, she remembered. She scrambled to her feet and clung for support to a tree. Her hair had fallen, and hung about her torn rose-colored gown. She was the most grotesque and dirty figure imaginable.

"Who are you? And what are you doing? And what does it mean?"

"My name is Frank Aldridge. I am at present only looking at you—a pleasant and harmless occupation. It means that you are going to faint again. Look out!"

He put his arm round her, and held water to her lips.

She averted her head.

"Why did you not let me die? Now—now I *must* marry Mr. Blight."

Here, as Aldridge had foretold, she fainted again. He dashed what water remained in his drinking-cup over her face. This, his only known and available restorative for a fainting woman, failed, and he, scared out of his normal self-confidence, picked her up and ran with her in his arms to his carriage at the turn of the road. Here he found his companion and Mr. Mincheon. Mr. Mincheon presented a most undignified spectacle. He was bare-headed, covered with dust, and weeping copiously. He held in his arms a piece of what had once been a chariot, but was now a lot of fragments which no skill could ever join together again.

In a few words Aldridge arranged that his companion should mount guard over the old man, who refused to leave his precarious perch on the bank, whilst he drove the young lady to the nearest house.

Aldridge, following his natural bent, coolly took the best of the bargain. In the twenty-four hours which he had spent in the provincial town he had acquired considerable information. When he had audaciously expressed his sympathy for Sylvia on the ferry-boat he was intimately acquainted with her history, from her foreign birth down to the proposed marriage with Mr. Blight.

Now he unquestionably enjoyed the situation. He was young enough to find a vivid, romantic interest in the adventure, which was heightened by the girl's evident preference for death to marriage with Mr. Blight.

As they drove rapidly from the scene of the accident he bent his head over her pale face, and a faint flush heralding returning consciousness, he whispered,

"It is a cruel shame."

The magic sentence to Sylvia. She half opened her eyes and said, faintly:

"That is what Martha says. Take me home to Martha."

Since she had revived, Aldridge was not unwilling to prolong the drive.

"Martha is a sensible person. I shall be glad to take you to her if you can stand the drive."

"Yes. Take me home. I am confused, I think."

"No matter what you think. Keep perfectly still. I will take you home." Sylvia drew a long breath of satisfaction, and did as directed.

Aldridge knew where the Mincheons lived and how to get there as well as if he had been brought up next door. He had to explain a great deal to inquisitive people on the ferry-boat, and half of them went back to see Old Mincheon weeping over his chariot.

Arrived at the house, he lifted Sylvia to the ground and carried her to an arbor, where he met Martha running to find out what had happened.

He placed Sylvia in a rustic chair, and said:

"The horse ran away. Mr. Mincheon is not hurt, but Miss Mincheon is considerably shaken. Take her into the house, and I will find a doctor."

Martha, very red in the face, and twisting her apron through her fingers, exclaimed, "And the chariot?"

"Confound the chariot! The old rattletrap is smashed into a thousand pieces."

If he had said that Mr. Mincheon had been smashed into a thousand pieces, neither Sylvia nor Martha could have shown more genuine horror. They stared at him; they locked their arms round each other in mute defense against the impious stranger; they cried, together, "Oh, what will the ghost say?"

As Aldridge afterward said, this exhibition "floored" him. It was absurd enough to think of the old man's hugging a spoke of a wheel, but that was serious in comparison with the hysterical behavior of the women. Sylvia, in a fit of despair such as he had never seen in real life, flung her arms round Martha's neck and buried her face. Martha boohooed prodigiously. Aldridge had a happy thought. He took some coins from his pocket, and Martha, hearing the pleasant, unaccustomed chink, looked at him through her tears. An insinuating smile lighted his face, and he held out his hand, in which there was a gleam of silver.

"I say, Martha, you are a sensible woman. Take care of your mistress, and I will look after Mr. Mincheon and the trap." Martha's tears and sobs stopped like a reversed engine. "And look here, Martha, it *is* a cruel shame."

Martha treated him to one keenly intelligent glance, and led Sylvia away. Watching them fairly into the house, Aldridge started off for the doctor. His mind was clouded, and continued so for several hours. Late at night, after Mr. Mincheon had been carried home by sheer superiority of physical force, and Aldridge sat smoking a pipe in the starlight, his ideas began to flow in a familiar channel, and he saw that his duty to a healthy appetite for general information was to remain on the spot, and prove the depths of provincial eccentricity. He sent a dispatch to his friends stating that he would not join them for several days, reserving his reasons with characteristic indifference for what other people might expect.

The next day was a miserable one for Sylvia Mincheon. She staid in her room until Mr. Blight had made a morning call, and she had watched him from her window stalk up the street to his office—his office, where even Sylvia wondered what he did to amuse himself. Her grandfather staid in bed severely, and was heard declaiming fiery passages from Burke and Pitt—a sign that he was at sword's point with all the world.

In the afternoon Sylvia plucked up heart to dress herself and go down-stairs. Aldridge called, and Martha ushered him unannounced into the parlor. Sylvia was curled up in a large leather arm-chair, and did not see him till he was beside her. Then she rose, and blushed vividly and bowed coldly. Aldridge had come prepared for all things unusual; so, unabashed by her coldness, which he at once attributed to diffidence, he inquired kindly for her health and that of her grandfather. Sylvia answered him politely, and then, not having asked him to sit down, said,

"I must beg you to excuse me," and moved to the door. It was not for this that Aldridge had postponed his salmon-fishing. He acted promptly.

"You are not going to leave me?"

"I must. I have never received any gentleman alone in my life—but Mr. Blight. Grandpapa would never forgive me. But he will never forgive me now, anyway."

Tears choked her voice and filled her eyes, and she stood still half-way to the door. Aldridge deftly turned her own words to his advantage.

"Then you might as well stay with me: no more harm can be done. I am not like Mr. Blight; but try me."

He had followed her up, and was looking at her with an expression calculated to win. He was a master of expression. Sylvia rested her hand on the back of a high chair, and smiled through her tears.

"No, you are not at all like Mr. Blight. You are much younger, and rather better-looking."

So warped was Aldridge by experience with worldlings that he at once suspected audacious coquetry. But the critical candor of her gaze soon dissipated that idea, and made him a trifle ashamed of himself. So long as he could keep her there he did not care much what she said. He made an extraordinary demand.

"Tell me some more about Mr. Blight."

Sylvia continued her comparison. It was very easy to talk to him over the top of the high chair. Her grandfather would never forgive her, anyway, and there was a pleasure in giving voice to her secret sentiments about Mr. Blight.

"He is taller than you; but then he is all length, like a poplar-tree, and he quivers, too, in the wind. You don't quiver in the wind, do you?"

"Not an eyelash."

"That's nice." Here Sylvia nodded her head approvingly several times. "Then, you see, being, like grandpapa, an officer in the militia, he always wears undress uniform. I have thought that the long tight coat made him look even a little more like a poplar-tree than nature intended. I don't know how you would look in that uniform, I am sure."

"Oh, like a guy. But, believe me, my looks are not my strong point."

"Perhaps not," she assented, repeating the confidential nod. "You are not as handsome as some of the men who have dined with grandpapa on state occasions."

Aldridge caught at a new subject. "What do you mean by state occasions?"

"When grandpapa dines the Governor and suite. I am to go to the balls and dinners at Government House next winter, after I marry Mr. Blight. Oh, how could you?—why did you not let me die?"

She threw back her head and looked at him as she had looked at her grandfather the day before. Her appeal had a different effect. Aldridge leaned over the chair from the other side and answered back from his heart:

"I'm not such a brute as that, you know. I will get you out of it some way."

"Will you? Can you? How?"

Before he could frame a suitable answer to this direct acceptance of a vague assertion, Martha announced, in a loud voice, "Mr. Blight."

Sylvia darted to the door, and when Mr. Blight entered, Aldridge was negligently leaning on the chair, with his hat in his hand, and the casual air of a visitor about to take his leave.

"This is Mr. Aldridge, Mr. Blight," said Sylvia, with visible trepidation—"the gentleman who was so kind to us yesterday."

The men bowed to each other, and Aldridge bowed himself out, hearing Sylvia, in her fright at being left alone with Mr. Blight, exclaim, "Grandpapa wishes to see you, and, if you please, you are to go upstairs at once."

For three days Aldridge tried hard to see Sylvia again, but every device, fair and strategic, failed. On the fourth day he waylaid Martha returning from market. She was bursting with news.

"Miss Sylvia is to be married at once."

"The devil!" said Aldridge. "What do you mean by at once?"

"A week or thereabouts."

"I thought you meant to-day. Several things may happen in a week. What does Miss Sylvia say?"

"Nothing but that it is all your fault. She is very bitter about you. I have never heard her go on so."

"That is a good sign. What is the reason of this sudden decision?"

"The ghost, sir. The ghost has said that the smashing of the chariot foreboded some dreadful harm to the family, and so Miss Sylvia had better be married at once. And I must say that Mr. Blight is on the side of the ghost very strong." Aldridge walked in silence beside Martha to the gate. Here there was another transfer of coin from his hand to hers.

"Martha, the ghost must change its mind."

"If that could be!" she said, doubtfully.

"It must be. And I must see your mistress to-day. What time can you manage that?"

Martha looked thoughtful.

"At eight this evening. That old Blight will have gone, and Miss Sylvia will be alone in the arbor. Get her out of it if you can. God bless you!"

A few minutes after eight that evening Aldridge came quietly up the garden path, and turned into the arbor. Sylvia was there, sitting with her hands clasped round her knees, a pathetic and desolate figure. On seeing Aldridge she stood up and poured out a torrent of childish displeasure. He waited till she had exhausted herself; then he took hold of her wrists and held her.

"You do me great injustice. If I had known about Mr. Blight I should have sent you spinning into the stream. I should never have been so unkind as to scramble after you and pick you up. You believe me?"

Sylvia trembled. The force of the man overwhelmed her, and besides, he was presenting a new side of the question. He went on rapidly:

"And since I have known, I have been so anxious to help you. You remember I said I would. Instead of trusting me, you have shunned me. I believe you hate me. At least I have not deserved that."

This presentation of the argument of injured virtue overcame Sylvia's last scruple.

"No, no!" she cried. "Forgive me, if you can. But I am so miserable, so desperate. Is there no way out of it?"

"Let us sit down here and talk it over," said Aldridge, delighted with his success.

It was the first time in her dreary life that sympathy had ever been offered to her. She was not troubled by any conventional reserve. Here was some one who pitied her and would help her. Some one who, in spite of her bad behavior, would forgive her and listen to her. She laid bare her heart to him.

"I am alone in the world. I have been afraid of grandpapa and my governess, and most of all of the ghost, always. I have never been happy, neither have I been unhappy until the last week. I think I have not understood life, its meanings and possibilities, before, and it is terrible to begin with helpless misery. All my reading with my governess has taught me nothing. I have never thought that I had in me any of the feelings and passions which impelled people to deeds of heroism or to crime. You see, from the first the ghost has planned things for me, and I have had no notion of personal responsibility. Now I am no longer blind. I began to see and to feel when Mr. Blight took my hand and I promised to marry him. I looked at myself that day for the first time, and I felt that I ought to have a voice in the arrangement of my own future. I cried out to grandpapa to help me, and you know how he has answered. Oh, I am such a poor little thing! I am as ignorant as a baby of the world, and of men and women. I could not run away from here; I should not know where to run, or how, or what to do, beyond this garden. No, there is nothing for me but Mr. Blight or the river. I shall choose the river, unless you can help me. If you can, if you will, I will do anything in the world for you."

Sylvia was looking up at him, her wild eyes playing havoc with his susceptibilities. The tones of her pained, high-strung voice vibrated in his heart. The abandon of her plea for protection stirred strong and generous emotions. He was young; he had known only the sunny side of life, and he now felt himself in the enviable position of a hero of a genuine romance. The first qualification of the hero is to be in love with the heroine. He was in love with her. He had been in love with her from the first, and that was his true reason for lingering in this stupid town.

"I will help you," he exclaimed, "and you must trust me implicitly, and not look at the river."

Sylvia's face expressed her confidence.

"You are not afraid of me?"

"No."

"You put yourself in my hands wholly?"

"Yes."

Sylvia had risen, and was backing out of the arbor. Aldridge felt the necessity of explaining what he meant to do for her, and why he meant to do it, of showing her that he proposed to substitute himself for Mr. Blight. As she was, he knew, unprepared for this simple plan, fresh obstacles might arise if he attempted an explanation in words. Besides, time pressed, and he must woo hastily.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment Sylvia clung to him; for a moment she looked at him so shyly and sweetly that nobody could have blamed him for repeating the experiment. But while he thought he would, she drew herself away and fled to the house. With suspicious promptness Martha appeared in the arbor.

Sylvia flung herself on her bed in a flutter of agitation. She was not afraid of her new happiness; she sprang forward to it out of the darkness of solitude and fear. Now she thoroughly understood her heroes and her criminals. All that could make life beautiful or bitter had come to her—poor little Sylvia Mincheon!

A shrill cry broke the stillness of the night. Sylvia started up and ran to the door. There she stood, listening, wondering, trembling. Another cry, fainter than the first, but full of terror, came up the stairs. With an answering exclamation she ran through the hall, down the broad stairway, to her grandfather's room. Martha was there, with a lighted candle in her hand. Mr. Mincheon sat up in bed, twisting the sheets in his fingers, moaning and shaking extravagantly. Sylvia ran to the bedside.

"What is it, grandpapa? Are you ill? What can we do? Martha, do something quick."

"Bad dreams, darlin'; bad dreams. A glass of sherry, sir?"

Martha advanced with the wine. Mr. Mincheon's eyes were singularly small and colorless, but on this occasion they distended with indignation.

"Stand back, woman! Bad dreams, indeed!"

He waved Martha off with a majestic motion, and turned his attention to Sylvia. "Sylvia, begone!" He pushed her violently from the bed, and took to groaning and twisting the sheets with renewed vigor.

"The ghost," he murmured—"the ghost," and looked at Sylvia, who had retreated to the window.

Sylvia fired up. These words banished her alarm at her grandfather's condition, and her desire to know the cause.

"Who cares for the ghost? I don't. I won't marry Mr. Blight. I won't! I won't! You nasty, wicked old thing! I don't care a snap of my finger for you. There! there!"

She snapped her fingers in the air, leaving it doubtful whether the opprobrious epithets were addressed to the ghost or to her grandfather. Mr. Mincheon's faculties were momentarily stunned by this outburst, but recovering himself, he seemed about to spring out of bed and annihilate his impious granddaughter. Martha saved her by pushing her out of the window to the veranda, saying, "Go to bed, darlin'. I'll manage him."

Sylvia hastened round to the kitchen, and turning to shut the door, a wonderfully bright light flashed in her eyes, revealing for a second the face and figure of Mr. Frank Aldridge. If Sylvia's brain had not already been turned topsy-turvy, she might have connected this apparition with her grandfather's fright. As it was, she simply groped her way back to her room, and hung out of the window, peering after her vanished lover, from whom a myriad of ghosts and grandfathers could not separate her.

She fell asleep at last, challenging all her enemies to come on and do their worst.

The next day was far advanced when Martha woke Miss Sylvia, and bade her dress at once and go down to her grandfather, who was expecting her.

At this summons Sylvia's recklessness of last night hardened into defiance. As she crossed the lower hall in the sunlight, Martha, who was not given to analyzing expression, was startled by the fierce determination of her face. Mr. Mincheon had risen and made his somewhat elaborate toilet. He sat by the window in an easy-chair, but rigidly erect. Sylvia stood still in the middle of the room. It was her custom to stand in her grandfather's presence until invited to sit down. This morning that courtesy was not extended.

The old man was icy in his demeanor; the girl self-possessed. His tone was oracular. If Sylvia should have an idea of disputing what he might say, he meant to show her the uselessness of that at once.

"Sylvia, as you are aware, I had last night an unusually exciting interview with the ghost. There was a difference of opinion, and I was slightly disturbed—very slightly. My voice, rising in the heat of discussion, alarmed Martha and you. You recall the incident?"

Sylvia at that moment vividly recalled his shrieks and his exhibition of abject fear, but she merely bowed her head. "You, Sylvia, were the subject of discussion. Are you prepared to receive instructions concerning your immediate future?"

A faint color tinged Sylvia's cheeks. She clasped her hands, and spoke out all her defiance. "I will listen to all you have to say, grandpapa, but I won't be tyrannized over by anybody living, much less by a ghost. I won't live in ignorant solitude any longer. I won't marry Mr. Blight."

"Well done! That's plucky! I like that!"

This voice was not Mr. Mincheon's, nor Mr. Blight's. Sylvia turned, and saw Aldridge standing in a corner. Instinctively she took a few steps toward him, stretching out her hands; then abruptly stopped, overcome by a pitiful confusion. Aldridge met her more than half-way.

"Sylvia, you are not to marry Mr. Blight; you are to marry me. If you will, you may. The ghost himself has said it."

Sylvia shrank back from him, a picture of delighted surprise. Aldridge whispered something to her not intended for Mr. Mincheon's ears. She ran across the room, and flung herself at her grandfather's feet.

"Forgive me. I will do as you desire. The ghost is right."

Said old Mincheon, grandly: "If you will mention an instance when the ghost has been wrong, you will oblige me. Young man, your manners and credentials being satisfactory, I give this girl into your hands, and from her recent exhibitions, I should say you will have your hands full. Sylvia, leave the room, and don't come near me again until I send for you."

Sylvia slipped out of the window in a twinkling.

When Aldridge joined her in the garden, she asked him a grave question: "Is there a Mincheon ghost? Has there ever been a Mincheon ghost? Everything is slipping away from me. I can only believe in you. Tell me the truth."

Aldridge's eyes sparkled with fun as he answered: "If you cry 'Wolf' long enough, the wolf comes at last, and gobbles you up as a punishment for irreverence. Mr. Mincheon feels this morning that he has had a narrow escape from the jaws of the wolf. Mr. Blight is the loser thereby, and I am the winner. Poor Blight! I wonder how the two old boys will arrange things!"

Sylvia was not to be baffled in this way. "But you were the wolf. You know you were. And Martha knows it too. I taxed her with the fraud just now, and she could not deny it."

Aldridge laughed outright. "You must learn to accept results, Sylvia, and ask no questions about the means."

Sylvia looked thoughtfully at the ground, then saucily at her lover. "Since grandpapa has deceived me so long and so cleverly, I know what men are, and—you had better look out. My eyes can open very wide."

Long afterward, when Sylvia's eyes had opened very wide, Aldridge remarked to a confidential friend:

"For making a man a contradictory, slightly skeptical, altogether delightful wife, there is nothing like early faith in a family ghost."

ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

CHINESE THEATRES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A MOST refreshing sensation awaits the tourist to the Pacific coast at the Chinese theatres in San Francisco. These establishments are two in number, and as the Chinese are assiduous theatre-goers, the houses are crowded every night. The performance begins at seven and lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning; but even a performance of this length is only a section of a play, which goes on night after night for a week or two. The stage is a mere platform; there are no foot-lights, the only illumination being that from two small gasaliers. There are no curtains, no scenery, flies, or wings; no proscenium, or properties other than a table, two chairs, fans, and weapons. The scene is indicated in the primitive way by displaying a board on which is written "forest," "room," and so on. This is put in front of the actors, and the imagination of the spectators does the rest. The Joss and household gods are, as in every Chinese dwelling, in the background. The rear wall separates the stage from the actors' dressing-room and the kitchen, and a circular window covered with netting enables the manager to watch the performance, and enables the audience to see the manager at supper.

Behind the space occupied by the actors is the orchestra—a dismal fiddle, a flageolet, a tambourine, a bass drum, banjos, and gongs. The gong-player is the director of the music; the one-stringed fiddle is held like a violoncello, and is a most painful instrument. There are frequent lapses into song in a Chinese play, but the airs are wild and formless, and the orchestral accompaniment quite independent of the singer. There may be worse noises than a Chinese duet, but not many. The actors are everything by turns, or rather at once—poets, acrobats, singers, musicians; there is no such thing as a specialty. The costumes are gorgeous. Rich gold embroidery, heavy silks and velvets, costly feathers and jewelry, form an important feature of the display. The plays are mostly historic, and, as already stated, last for days. Chinese acting has no dignity, no repose, no beauty, and the plays are weak and without situation, while the plots are of almost childish simplicity.

It is not commonly known, however, that there is a national patronage of the drama in China, as in France and Germany, and that actors receive generous salaries, ranging from $1000 to $4000—sums equal to at least three times those amounts here. In China the female rôles are still played by boys, and an actor who plays the leading female part will receive about $3500. He certainly earns it, as he has to shuffle about in the ungraceful fashion of Chinese women, talk in falsetto, and sing in high soprano with an effort that must make his throat sore.

Very often the drama is cut into two parts, and a light comedy played between. This is always of the most realistic character, depicting every-day life among the lower classes. It is reported that the grossest indecencies are represented in some of these plays. The acrobats or tumblers make their entrance *en masse* at about eleven o'clock, and the whole stage is filled with all the members of the troupe. Their feats are wonderful. The great battle scene, an indispensable requisite in a Chinese theatre, then takes place, and a terrific display comes of banging, hammering, screaming, twanging, and tooting. The braggart is made up terribly—his face is as white as paper, his hair and beard black and shaggy, his eyebrows are at least an inch wide, and a gorgeous robe covers his figure. He growls, stamps, swaggers, and brandishes his axe, till another figure enters, the embodiment of cruelty and cunning. Haughty challenges are given; the leaders proceed to behead their adversaries' troops, the loss of a head being denoted by bending the neck and retiring from the stage. New armies come on as fast as the old ones are decapitated, and all the time the noise is deafening. The nasal sing-song and high pitch of the "Cousins of the Moon" will certainly leave untouched the Caucasian ear, but the Mongolian is delighted, and the audience very demonstrative in their approval. This does not hinder them from eating sweetmeats, smoking, and drinking saki, which waiters carry around among the audience. The audience all wear their hats, as it is regarded as a great breach of etiquette for any one not to do so in public. The price of admission at the San Francisco theatre is fifty cents, but it is needless to say that this is only collected from Americans, the Chinamen most likely paying only ten cents.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE yachting season promises to be unusually interesting. On this side of the ocean several handsome boats, built both for pleasure and speed, will be in readiness for the opening of the season. Some of the yachts that have made good records in former years—notably the *Mischief*, *Gracie*, and *Hildegarde*—are being put in extra trim in anticipation of a season of lively sport. News comes from English waters that a new sixty-eight-ton cutter named the *Marjorie* has been built for the gentleman who sent the racing craft *Madge* to this country, and that the new cutter may be sent to these waters to compete for the *America* cup. It is said that she carries sails larger than were ever before carried by a yacht of her tonnage. From the brief description at hand the *Marjorie* seems to be what American yachtsmen call a racing machine. If she is to sail for the *America* cup, American yachtsmen may reasonably claim time in which to build a similar machine to compete with her. There is room for difference of opinion as to whether a vessel of her description may issue a challenge to race for the *America* cup. If it should appear that she ought to be barred out, for reasons similar to those which would exclude a catamaran, yachtsmen on this side of the ocean will have to decide whether it is worth their while to build a craft to compete with her for a new trophy.

A very uncomfortable feeling of insecurity has been produced in parts of Brooklyn by the operations of a burglar who seems to have acquired the art of entering houses and carrying off silver-ware without making the least noise. The police conjecture that he has some way of muffling his feet so as to make his footsteps noiseless, while superstitious persons are not quite sure that his depredations are accomplished without unnatural aid. He seems to go from house to house by way of the rear yards, and though he has entered scores of dwellings, no one has ever heard him coming, working, or going.

The following story of the Southern floods comes rather late, but perhaps it has been held back in the hope of being able to make it complete: "After the wheat came up on a Kentucky farm a sleet storm covered the field with ice. Before this melted a flood swept over, and the ice, rising to the surface of the water, pulled every blade of wheat out of the ground and carried it away." It is to be hoped that the man on whose ploughed ground the ice settled will not fail to report the number of bushels the transplanted wheat yielded to the acre.

The Marquis of Lorne, passing between a double file of Niagara hackmen recently, raised his hat the entire distance. This, somebody explains, was the homage which nobility pays to wealth.

A dissenter from the doctrine of the Rev. Mr. Jasper that "de sun do move" has arisen in Richmond, Virginia. "Shuah," he says, "everybody knows de sun doan move. Dat's nonsense. De skies turns aroun' every day."

One of the lawyers in the Star Route trials finished his review of the testimony concerning the Eugene and Bridge City route, known as the "gum-boot" mail line, by reading the appended lines, which, he said, were composed by Assistant District-Attorney Moore:

"The mail was small—
Scarce any at all;
A letter or two and a paper
Went over this route
In the leg of a boot—
The horse on a five-mile caper."

It is told of an American millionaire who bought him a castle on the Rhine that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor.

"Oh, papa, what have you been doing!" she cried.

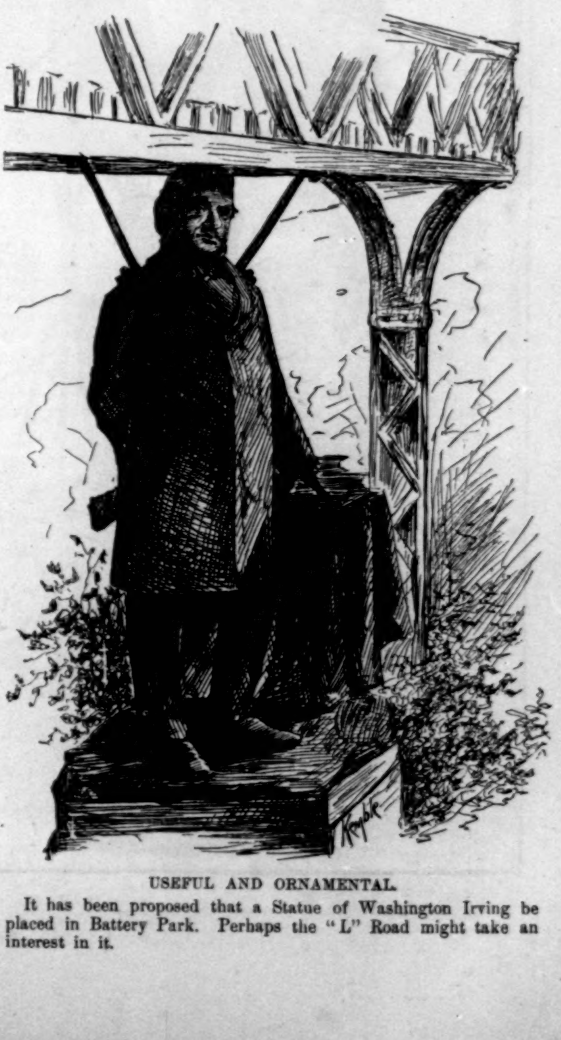
"The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

Now it is denied that John Brown, the Queen's gillie, kept a diary. Probably he merely began keeping a diary at the beginning of each year, as other mortals do.

It is claimed that a tall tree has been discovered in Victoria, Australia, that far surpasses any of the great trees of California. It is a variety of the eucalyptus-tree, and it is claimed that it is 430 feet tall, and measures sixty feet around the trunk at a considerable distance above the roots.

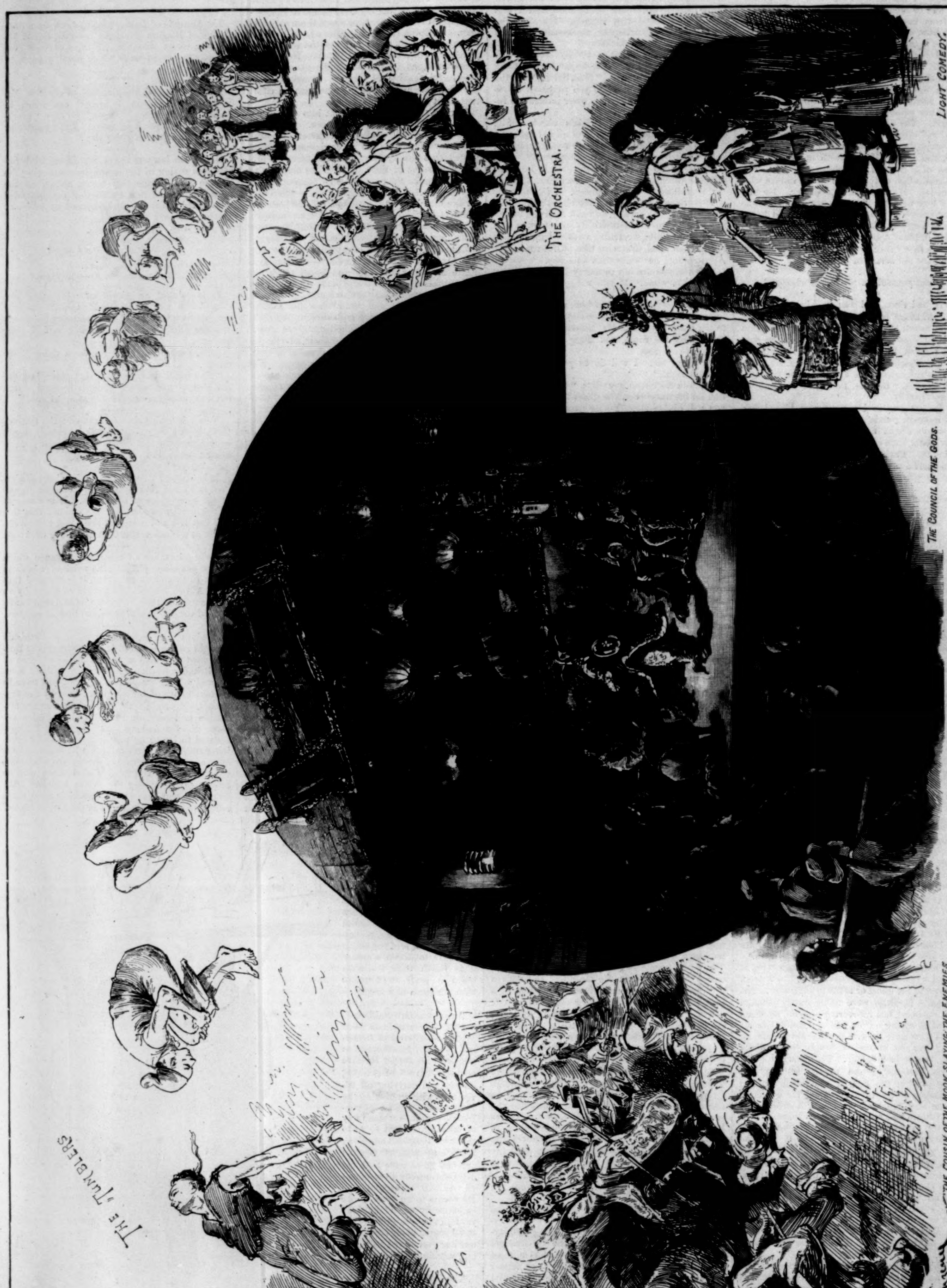
As an instance of the great advance which sometimes takes place in the value of a book in a comparatively short period, it is recalled that the "Albani Missal" was bought in Rome by an Englishman in 1838 for $100, was sold shortly afterward for $3500, and is valued now at $50,000.

A short time ago the steam-ship *Catalonia* brought twelve hundred Irish immigrants to Boston, most of whom were sent at the expense of the British government. They are without money, and a large proportion of them will have to be taken care of for a while at least by the taxpayers. Meanwhile, the only people who are forbidden to immigrate to the United States are those who live under a government that has never tried to lessen its pauper population by sending paupers to America, and who have always succeeded in taking care of themselves when they came here. It is probable that there will be more paupers among the twelve hundred Irish who were sent over in the *Catalonia* than there are among all the Chinamen in the United States.

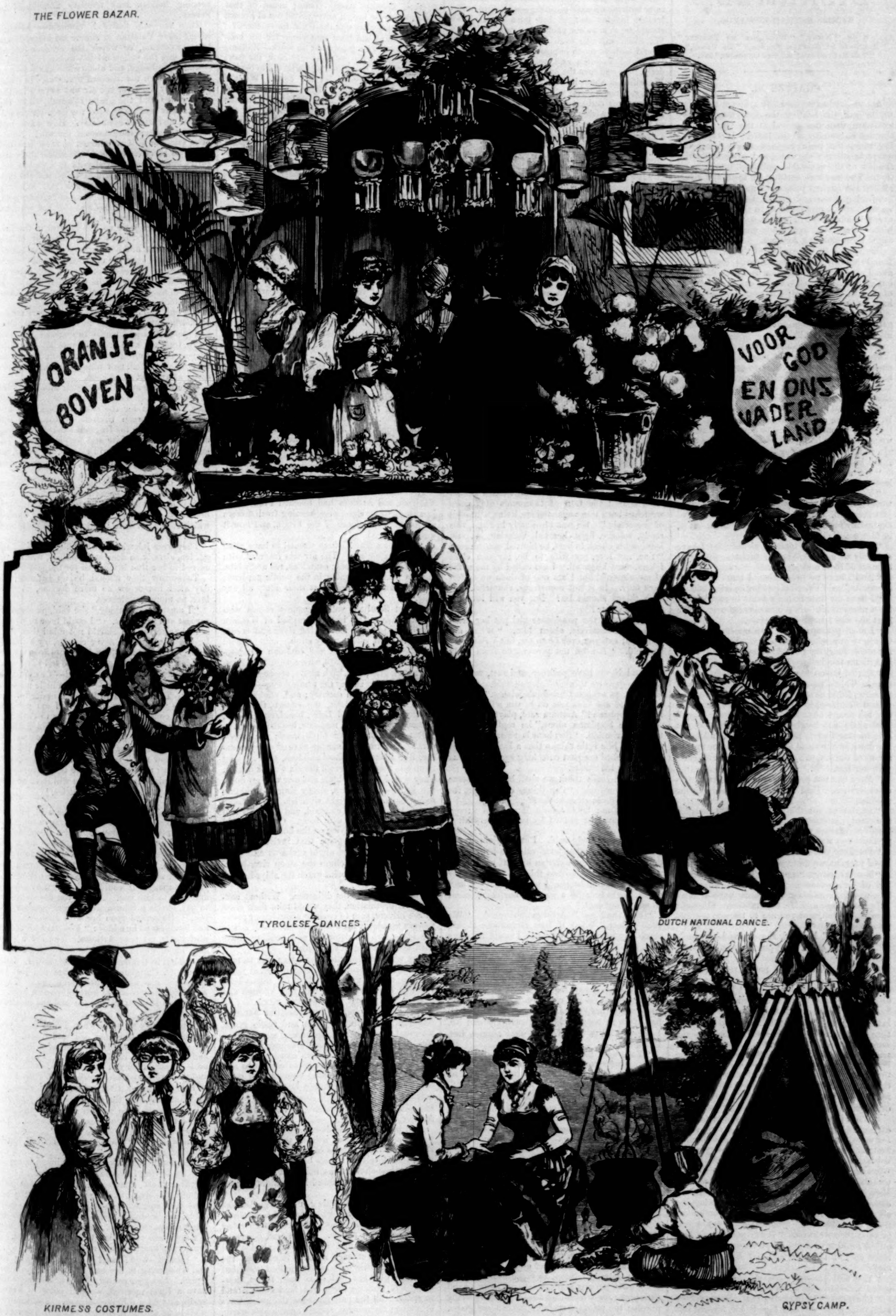


USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

It has been proposed that a Statue of Washington Irving be placed in Battery Park. Perhaps the "L" Road might take an interest in it.


The Tumblers
The Orchestra.
Light Comedy.
The Council of the Gods.
The Cousin of the Moon Slaying the Enemies.
Frenzeny

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES IN CHINA-TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 298.]


THE FLOWER BAZAR.
ORANJE BOVEN
VOOR GOD EN ONS VADERLAND
TYROLESE DANCES.
DUTCH NATIONAL DANCE.
KIRMESS COSTUMES.
GYPSY CAMP.

SKETCHES AT THE KIRMESS.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 300.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

All as yet had seemed like a dream to Arthura, the sail, the landing, the long, long journey westward, then the arrival at the fair city, enthroned so statelily on the Loire. It was morning when the train crawled slowly along the quays bristling with masts, and close under the shadow of the venerable cathedral, into the station. The sun was flashing on town and river, gilding the ancient palaces of merchant princes, burnishing dome and cupola, lending Venetian warmth and sumptuousness to the scene. And over all such a sky! Flawless, dazzling, southern blue. Were there never any clouds in France? asked the wondering Arthura.

She awoke to the reality of things when she found herself in Madame Henri's little parlor alone with Valerian—hostess and little daughter out marketing, the class-rooms closed on account of Easter holiday, half an hour certainly, perhaps an hour, all their own, before déjeuner.

"At last!" he said, and, perhaps pardonably, gathered her for a moment to his lips, his heart, his knee. "At last!"

But it was for a moment only.

The next Arthura was standing beside his chair, not in the least ready to cry of joy now, but herself every inch, raillery as well as love looking out of her eyes, a thousand things besides sentiment on her lips.

"What will become of us?" she asked, roguishly. "We are ruined. We are undone."

Quite pardonably, it must be admitted, Valerian would fain have had one kiss more, only the third after six months' waiting, he pleaded. But Arthura laughingly changed the subject.

"We are ruined," she repeated, looking artlessly, foolishly blissful over the prospect.

"Yes," he replied, shaking his head with a woe-begone look. "My poor little girl! ruin is just the word. Nothing could have turned out so deplorably for both of us as this business. It is, in fact, suicidal."

"I am as good as married already, for I have a family to support," began Arthura, with eyes brimful of hope and joy.

"And I have no prospects. I must stay with my cousin," said Valerian, looking equally radiant.

"I have my dear father's debts to pay." And for a moment Arthura's face clouded over. The next she was sparkling as before.

"I shall perhaps be my own master, and able to marry you, when I am sixty. Will you wait for me so long, my poor Arthura?"

Arthura laughed gayly.

"Shall I have done all that I must do by that time? Thirty years! thirty years! You would be sixty, I fifty-three. It seems a long time, yet with the children to educate and place out, not a day too much. It would be safer to say forty." And again she laughed merrily. "Would you love me for forty years?" she asked, and bending down as she stood behind his chair, he unconscious of the act, she just touched his brown curls with her lips.

"No, I can not promise. You are the cleverer at devices. Find some means of solving the problem."

"Oh, let us not think of the future to-day!" she cried, passionately. "Let us run about the woods and gather wild flowers like children. The problem can wait."

"For forty years? Well, give me one kiss, and I will promise anything you please."

"Not to marry Stephana, then?" she asked, full of vivaciousness. "For that is what they have set their minds on, my poor boy—I mean Miss Hermitage and Mr. Constantine. Stephana is to marry you, and you are to become a grand personage."

"Nonsense!" he said, sharply and reproachfully. "Who could have put such an idea into your head?"

"Well, Stephana would not have you; that I am sure of," was the saucy reply.

"You do not know that either," Valerian said, distracted by Arthura's spirit and beauty, in almost a love-like frenzy at the notion that she loved him, was to belong to him, yet at the same time a little ruffled at her outspokenness and want of appreciation. And a second time the temptation was too great. She was more than bewitching, but she had hurt his vanity; a second time he took her lover-like in his arms as he put the question. "Tell me, was it but a mock quarrel, like the rest, for Miss Hermitage's diversion, or did you mean it? You once called me dull!"

"What people do in play they are apt to do in earnest. Let me tell you what is on my mind, for once, for all," she said, sitting beside him, at first neither sad nor merry, in every-day sober-colored mood. "My own Valerian," she began, "you must know how hard it has been to keep up this deception so long. When I first went to Miss Hermitage's I thought nothing could be easier than to pretend to dislike you, loving you all the while. And, besides, it was my bread and the poor childrens'." She dashed away a tear or two; then went on. "It was my father's honor. I could not refuse. But I have felt a dozen times as if I must go and tell Miss Hermitage all."

"You will not—promise me you will not?" asked Valerian, greatly disturbed.

"I have no right to betray you. Be easy," she said, raising her tear-wet face to his, kissing him as if he were a child, a weak thing dependent on her. "But if you will not release me from the bond, let me go." Again she turned to him, this time with passionate pleading—with love unutterable looking out of her pure eyes. "We should be able to see each other now and then. We could write to each other. I am sure we should both be much happier."

"Well," Valerian said, very kindly, even tenderly, "we will turn the matter over in our minds. We will talk about it."

"I can not quarrel with you any more. The pretense of disliking you became unbearable sometimes," Arthura continued. "I really felt as if it must be true, or as if it would come true."

"And so you really meant it when you called me dull?"

"I dare say I did. I felt vicious enough to say anything sometimes."

"It does great credit to us that everybody has been so completely taken in," laughed Valerian.

"No; it is just that I feel ashamed of," Arthura said, rising to her feet, a fine glow of indignation on her cheeks. "There must be nobility enough in Miss Hermitage to pardon us, if we go to her and reveal all."

"Never! never! You little know my cousin. You do not know her at all," cried Valerian. "Such a step would be ruin, sheer ruin for us both, my poor Arthura; and listen, my love, my wife that is to be. There can, of course, be no secrets between us. Sit down for a minute on my knee whilst I tell you something."

For a moment such a look of pain and forlornness came into her lover's face that Arthura could refuse him nothing. There were actually tears of mortification in his eyes.

"Listen, my little girl, my only friend," he whispered, as for a moment they sat thus cheek to cheek and hand in hand. "This poor Valerian you love so dearly has nothing, not even a name, to give you. I must keep down high spirit. I must be Miss Hermitage's bond-servant as long as she lives, since it is she who picked me out of the gutter."

Arthura, all gentleness, listened now, sitting close beside him, looking up at him with mute yet sweetest consolation.

"Is it any wonder that I show what may look like a craven spirit? But for Christina I should have shared the fate of thousands of forlorn wretches born into vagabondage, living witnesses of secret sin." He was absolutely in tears, this ready, volatile, light-hearted Valerian, as, still leaning his cheek to hers, he blurted out the rest. "You, my love, my wife to be, my one close friend, must know all. I am called by the name of my kinsfolk, but I am one of them on sufferance only. Is it not monstrous, shameful, that such things should be? But you will love me none the worse?"

For answer, the passionate girl put her arms proudly, protectively, about him. "What are you, what can you ever be to me, but Valerian?" she said. "It need not prevent us from being happy."

"And if we have patience and tact, we may be happy ere we think," Valerian said. "But I must not go against Christina's wishes."

"And if she bids you do it, you will have to marry Stephana?" Arthura said, playfully.

"Leave Stephana alone," he replied, with a touch of irritation. "Stephana is generous enough for that. She little thinks that a little penniless girl bewitched me past cure long ago." He was recovering his spirits.

"Do you really think we shall be happy some day?" she asked. "Can things come right for us as they do in story-books?"

"It will not be my fault if they go wrong. But you must be guided by me in everything. Promise."

"That is vaguely said. Put in plain words what I am to promise you," said the happy girl, delighted to see her Valerian himself once more.

"Then promise me two things: you will stay with Christina as long as I wish it; and you will never, never breathe a word of our engagement to any living soul."

"We shall see," Arthura answered. "We shall reflect. What if Miss Hermitage should some day grow tired of me? I could not stay then."

"She will never grow tired of you whilst you amuse her, and you can continue to do that."

"Who knows? I amuse Miss Hermitage now without taking any trouble about it. Why it should be so I do not conceive. The least thing I say makes her smile. She must have lived all her life with people who only said Yes and No. I never say Yes and No, and that amuses her, I suppose."

"You must never begin to say Yes and No, then. Understand, my Arthura, if my cousin chose, she may make your fortune as well as mine. We are both in her hands completely;" and Valerian's face assumed its every-day, worldly look. "We must act our respective parts more discreetly, more circumspectly, than ever."

"Let Miss Hermitage make your fortune, and let me run away, then. One will suffice for us both," pleaded Arthura. "Were I no longer present, there need be no acting at all."

Valerian's brow grew dark.

"There is the bell, and I promised to answer it. It is Madeleine and her mother back from market," she cried, jumping from her seat with a sense of relief.

True enough, it was their hostesses laden with marketings, flowers for grace, and a brilliant display for delectation. There were strawberries of the four seasons, crimson of crimsons; bananas barred with black and gold like a bumblebee, the zebra'd banana, as some French writer aptly calls it; asparagus, wands of ivory tipped with pink; the tropical mad-apple, deepest shelly purple; the prickly artichoke, delicate sea-green, smooth as if carved out of marble for the crowning of a column. And there was butter, yellow as gold from the rich pasturage of Brittany, and ray-fish fresh from the Loire; galettes crisp and brown, fried a quarter of an hour ago by light-fingered itinerant pastry-cooks; bread of that glossy romantic brown never tasted out of France—and indeed what was there not for epicures?

The servant had been sent home for her holiday, so hosts and guests set to work—Madame Henri to make the omelette and cook the fish; Valerian to act the butler, which he did to perfection; the two girls to lay the cloth. What a merry breakfast it was! How the wine seemed to sparkle! How the least little thing invited mirth! There was only one drawback. In the midst of a lively conversation Madame Henri suddenly recollected the thousand francs spent on her daughter's English education. "Speak English," she cried, in a shrill voice. "Speak English, I say."

"But, mamma, you will not understand."

"What does that matter? Speak English, I repeat."

So the rest of the talk was carried on in English, Madame Henri dumb, but delighted. What was Madeleine thinking of, forsooth? Two English guests, whose talk at meals was worth a dozen lessons at five francs apiece, did not drop from the clouds every day. And opportunities of putting money in our pockets must never be wasted, thought the Frenchwoman.

What would you have? If her heart was in her pocket, how many others are similarly located! Some people's hearts, alas! are in their palates, not a few feminine ones in their looking-glasses, a considerable number are not to be found anywhere, and few, very few, we may be sure, are in their right place.

Madame Henri was not to be blamed for seizing upon any small worldly advantage that came in her way. Had Shakspeare himself been sitting at her table, she would have foregone the pleasure of listening to him for the sake of her daughter's English. We are what circumstances make us, and people who live by their wits must not be Quixotic, but look to actualities.

CHAPTER XII.

The month of May!—the month of Marie! Valerian and Arthura had touched French soil just as pious maidens were heaping fresh flowers on the altars in honor of the Virgin, and now it was May indeed.

And what a May! June seemed to have come in her sister's place. The air was fragrant with magnolias in full bloom; camellias, red and white, made a blaze of splendor in the public gardens; people sunned themselves at their doors all day long.

Almost Southern voluptuousness comes with the summer to this imperial capital of Western France, so proudly confronting river and ocean. The city itself offers many enticements. There are the tropic alleys of the common pleasure-ground; the stately quays, where wave flags from the wide world; and, high above, terraced walks, whence you may survey the whole scene—city and cathedral; fair open country; and, studded with many an emerald islet, the superb, the swift-flowing, the unbridled Loire, benefactor to-day, devastator to-morrow, majestic, beautiful ever.

But when had town birds music for lovers' ears? Arthura and Valerian were off every morning, like liberated school-children, and nothing more was seen of them till the six o'clock dinner. They would take the little steamer and go down the Erdre—the silvery, sleepy Erdre—thridding sedgy banks, now bright with iris and daffodil, and holms green as emerald, and low hills and coppice woods alive with song. Or they would use the little boats plying on the Loire, and alight at the first landing-place that invited, now to wander amid islanded apple orchards and quiet homesteads, now to climb the steep river-bank, and from some high point watch the ships hastening toward the sea.

Then, again, was the diligence. Without asking their destination, they would take their seats by the drivers, sure to come to some happy place, flowery meadows, little bits of woods still left to the birds and the squirrels, and bending rivers with weirs making tiny cascades.

But what pleased them best was just to take the common, unpoetic city omnibuses, and being drift in the suburbs, and shift for themselves. For this hoary, venerable city, like knotted and gnarled oak lightly covered with virgin ivy of purest green, or some other beautiful parasite, was rich in borrowed youth and rustic grace. No great surprises here, no natural wonders, but Nature in her sweetest, most gracious, most captivating mood. Other French cities possess far greater claims to suburban picturesqueness and grandeur, none such winning entourage of quiet caressing beauty. The happy lovers would then quit the diligence where it stopped at the octroi, and plunge, no matter where, so long as it was country, and not town.

And just outside the dusty high-roads, just beyond sound of railway whistle, they would find little Eden-like solitudes of verdure and floweriness, sun-lit velvety spaces between thicket and thicket, close-shut garths abloom with flower of apple and plum, a thousand lovely hiding-places for too happy hearts.

The charm of these little gold-green glades was the captivating way in which one led to another. It was like stepping from chamber to chamber in an enchanted palace. Cool, silent, delicious, rich in sunshine and umbrageous shadow, all were alike. Yet each seemed fairer than the last. These little open spaces, indeed, were but clearings of what had once been forest, carelessly left because there was land enough and to spare. As the pair threaded the green ways or sunned themselves, resting on the soft, warm, bloomy moss, farm-yard sounds would reach them from the homesteads nestled near—cackling of hens and quacking of ducks, cheery song of blue-bloused cowherd or contented bleating of goats. No stiles, no gates, no ha-ha hedges. Lovers keeping holiday may trespass unmolested in France.

Then the wild flowers! Sometimes Arthura would leave Valerian to smoke his cigar, dream his day-dream, or watch the crimson-tufted hoopoe and the yellow oriole—melancholy birds!—under the hedge, and alone wade ankle-deep in flowers through the unmown meadows. In moist pastures by the river the air was sweet with the rock cistus and the grape hyacinth, whilst the open sunny reaches showed the deep purple columbine and the ox-eyed daisy. How warm and lustrous gleamed the grasses in the sun! No exotics fairer or half so ethereal as these tasselled blossoms all silver or gold. Here and there the sorrel flower glowed coral pink as a child's ear. But the glory of the world just then was the mellow grass awaiting the mower's scythe. Who can describe it? Wave upon wave of feathery gold, the crowning glory of day and subdued splendor of night, sun and moon in one!

The evenings were no less blissful to the lovers, but hardly their own in company of the school-mistress and her fifteen-year-old daughter.

They would visit the crowded churches, warm and laden with breaths of flowers, and listen to the music in honor of the Catholics' Marie. It was such music as Arthura had never yet listened to—faultless, passionate, poetic.

Not only the human voice, but the very musical instruments seemed to throb with love, awe, and pious feeling; whilst throughout the vast aisles, fragrant with fresh flowers, all was rapt silence. No sounds but the melodic strains as they rose and fell, now filling the building, now dying away faint as an echo.

More in keeping with common minds was the military music in the public gardens; and thither they went, also for the sake of sociability and wandering between thickets of camellias and azalea, or beneath the fragrant small-leaved magnolia, now in full white and purple bloom. The stirring trumpet, the shrill clarion, the bugle, the drum, the swift gay measures, all seemed to echo love and joy.

Such distractions but lent wings to the uncounted hours. It seemed only yesterday they had come. To-morrow they must go. Arthura, bravest of the brave, turned pale at the thought which seemed to have burst upon her quite suddenly.

They were loitering in the quiet alleys of the garden, already so dear and familiar, when it occurred to her that it must be for the last time.

To-morrow they should be up betimes; the day after to-morrow no more dreams, no more love, no more confidences.

"I must say one thing," she said, passionately earnest and vehement. "I could bear to be separated from you. I should not mind that, for I know you will never, never change, my Valerian. But do not force me any longer to live the life that is a lie. Let me go, or let us tell the truth."

"My dearest child," he replied—it was precisely the reply she dreaded—"have a little more patience. Things will also be much easier for you. There is your holiday to come. I am going to take my cousin to London, perhaps to Paris."

"She will want me to go too," said Arthura, dismally. Nothing had power to depress her but Valerian's manner of looking at certain things.

"But how much easier is it to forget what we have on our minds when we are perpetually moving from place to place! You will have no time to trouble yourself with sophistries."

Arthura shook her head.

"I promise you one thing," she said, proudly. "I will keep silence as to our engagement. But I do not promise to stay with Miss Hermitage."

"My dear Arthura, we serve people much better by being politic than by all the Quixotism in the world. Our private matters concern not Christina at all. But she is really dependent on your company. It would be the greatest possible affliction to lose you. And if you are necessary to her, she is a thousandfold more necessary to you." He smiled upon her with lover-like pride and fondness as he added: "You have no accomplishments, my poor Arthura. You are a paragon, but of what? Not of book-learning certainly, and not in the matter of the arts either. Stay, then, with Christina, who enriches you just because you are what nature made you." There was deep, unanswerable worldly wisdom here.

Arthura thought of Steppie and the children, and sorrowfully held her peace.

"How happy we were when I first made your acquaintance at Margate!" she said at last. "Do you remember pulling Benjamine out of the water, and leaving your card next day? Then Benjamine running after you in the street to thank you, and the walks we took together! We shall never have so good a time again. And when you came one day with the good news that your rich relation would take me on trial, I could have kissed the very ground you walked upon. You were the veriest Providence to us!"

She was quietly weeping under her veil, but he added, cheerily,

"And now you look upon me almost as an enemy for having fallen in love with you."

"You must understand me," Arthura said, proudly, dashing away her tears. "All the burdens that seemed so heavy before—my father's debts, the children's maintenance—these are nothing compared to the weight on my mind now. We both owe everything to Miss Hermitage. It breaks my heart to deceive her."

"Foolish child!" said Valerian, bending low and whispering in her ear. "It is only a sport, a play. In a year or two, when our circumstances have a little mended, we will come to France again, and on a different errand. You know on what! It will be in my cousin's own interest to forgive us then."

With these vague, lover-like consolations he cheered her drooping spirits, and Arthura, finding that her words made no impression, changed the subject.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

It was a new and bitter experience to her that even love could not make two people understand each other in all things. And what is love worth, indeed, if it fails to unveil heart to heart?

Nevertheless the home journey was made pleasantly, even gayly. Valerian was a perfect lover. Arthura could but let herself be made happy, after foolish lover's fashion, and there was no failing of her courage when once more the sun arose on a common day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S HOUSE.

During the last two years extensive alterations and additions have been going on at Nos. 14 and 15 Gramercy Park, New York city, the residence of ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden. These improvements are not yet finished, and probably will not be until next spring. Meanwhile the Governor has been occupying his country house, Greystone, in the vicinity of Yonkers, on the North River, though coming down to the city at irregular intervals, for a few hours, to superintend the progress of the work, or to keep appointments with friends.

No. 15 Gramercy Park has acquired a national celebrity by reason of the events that took place there during a memorable Presidential campaign, and the visitor who has not entered it since that time will find few changes, except in the dining-room, which is now entirely transformed. But the Governor has added to it the adjoining house, No. 14 Gramercy Park, has torn down the front walls of both houses, and in their place has put a freely adapted Gothic façade of Belleville and Carlyle stones, adorned with many trophies of the sculptor's art, and provided with two entrances, a general one and a library one. Among these sculptured trophies are medallion heads of Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, Franklin, and Columbus, cut out of Belleville stone, near one of the two double-story bay-windows; high-relief heads of the four seasons in the brackets of the principal portico; and a low-relief head of Michael Angelo on the key-stone of the arch of the secondary entrance. These works of art were modelled in this city, and are of no ordinary merit.

We enter by the principal entrance, at No. 15 Gramercy Park, and after stepping into the main hall, find everything as formerly, with a single exception—the stained glass of the inner vestibule doors, where Mr. John Lafarge has produced some simple, beautiful, and very sane results. A large mirror at the left of these doors and a small one at the right make the effect fourfold: while looking into them you see four double doors with stained-glass decorations. But the black walnut staircase and door trimmings, the white marble floor, say sixteen feet wide and forty-five feet long, and the rear hall, with its butler's pantry and its kitchen stairs, are unchanged. Nor in the drawing-room and the old library, into which the main hall opens by double doors, do we see any alterations. These apartments have sedulously preserved their identity. The austere simplicity of the drawing-room—austere as modern drawing-rooms go—with its painted walls of a neutral monochrome, its conventionally frescoed ceiling, its large but unobtrusive brass chandelier, its two book-cases filled chiefly with massive volumes like Brydell's *Shakspeare Illustrations*, the *Houghton Gallery*, and *Les Noces de Raphael*, that stand three feet high behind glass doors, its black walnut furniture covered with garnet plush, is unrelieved by oil-paintings, or bric-à-brac, or knickknacks, although special mention is due to the graceful statue of Flora in white marble, her extended left hand holding a rose-bud, her right hand pressing her breast with a bunch of the same flowers, her attitude as if she had just alighted from above, while a brisk wind is blowing behind her the ends of the gauzy drapery that covers but scarcely conceals her very pretty figure; and also to the marble bust of the Governor himself, which stands opposite, diagonally across the room. As for the old library behind the drawing-room, its black walnut furniture with dark green plush, and in some instances with light green rep, its oaken book-cases ten feet high, almost entirely hiding the wall spaces, its large oblong writing-table, also of oak, covered with green baize, on which the many ink-spots speak of much usage, and with pamphlets and foolscap MS., are by no means extraordinary. A bust of Cicero on one side of the room looks across the table upon a bust of Molière; and in one of the book-cases appear the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, full sets of the *Banker's Magazine* and of Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine*, Bohn's Classical Library complete, Scott's novels, poems, etc., in perhaps eighty 12mo volumes, Burns, Akenside, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Collins, Churchill, Swift, and Thomson side by side, with Bryant, Rogers, Michael Angelo, Tennyson, Shakspeare, Pope, Bacon, and Johnson below. Another book-case is devoted chiefly to history—to Alison, Freeman, Palgrave, Hallam, Smollett, Lecky, Hume, Grote, Gibbon, and Bunsen; to Froude, Milman, Niebuhr, Rawlinson, Rollin, and Curtius; and still another, to the *New York Statutes at Large*, and various law-books, the Governor's law library proper, one of the largest and best in the country, being in his down-town office. The surroundings of these interesting volumes are the reverse of showy: a frescoed ceiling above, a worn tapestry carpet below, and four walls tinted a pale green.

But this library opens into a thirty-thousand-dollar dining-room. And the remarkable thing about the costly apartment is the quietude of its beauty: decoration that allures and charms, appealing neither to the sense of wonder nor to the love of noise. The general tone of this very artistic banqueting chamber is that of satin-wood, although the wainscoting to a height of four feet is of black walnut, as are also the two sideboards against the eastern wall, together with the furniture. Above the wainscoting the wall spaces are filled with a series of panels of carved satin-wood placed side by side and extending entirely around the room, each about five feet high by two and a half feet wide; above these panels is a plain belt of satin-wood, from which protrude many gas jets; above the belt a diapered frieze of satin-wood, say two feet wide; above the frieze a band of blue tiles, four inches wide, connecting with the satin-wood and blue tiles of the ceiling.

After resting itself on the mellow ivory tone of the satin-wood, the eye is attracted first of all by the wood-carving of the juxtaposed panels, which the architect has treated as good pictures that deserve places on "the line." Pictures indeed they may be called, since their subjects of birds, leaves, and flowers manifest true pictorial feeling, and are treated in all the stages from the grave of realism to the gay of impressionism, yet always presenting some aspect that shows the artist to have been intent in reproducing the processes of Nature rather than her forms. Here, in one panel, appears a serpent coiled about a bird, amidst a thick abundance of leaves, berries, and flowers, while two birds near one corner and three birds near another corner watch the fate of their comrade. Several matters of technique are to be noticed. The first matter is the roughness of the ground on which these animals, leaves, berries, and flowers are cut. Suppose the ground were plain and flat; in that case the animals, leaves, berries, and flowers would seem to be stuck on, whether they really were so or not, and the pictorial effect of the carving as a whole be lost. The second is the gilding of the ground, so as to heighten the effect of the tone of the satin-wood. This gilding appears also in the diapered frieze and in the carvings of the ceiling, and its color value is precisely that of a warmer old ivory. The third is the solidity and security of the carvings, owing to the fact that the artist has refrained from under-cutting them. No ordinary heat will crack, warp, or chip these works of art. The fourth is the lowness of the relief, which gives to their appeal a pleasing air of modesty and mystery.

The visitor, indeed, is sure to feel the mural modesty and mystery of this thirty-thousand-dollar dining-room; and when he turns his eye toward the ceiling, which is divided transversely by four beams of satin-wood, and then into octagonal panels of blue encaustic tiles eight inches square framed in satin-wood, the modesty and mystery are found there too. The abundant light from the large mullion-window and the large bay-window on the south side causes the surface of the tiles to shimmer and change enchantingly from a blue that is almost sapphire to a blue that is almost gray, and the old ivory tone of the satin-wood is heightened again by the application of gilt to the grounds of the carvings. In a large central panel of satin-wood, from which the chandelier depends directly over the oblong dining-table, the carvings are of fruit, and somewhat bold, since too distant to be closely scanned; but when designing the mural panels it was justly thought by the architect, Mr. Calvert Vaux, that birds, leaves, flowers, and a *quasi* atmosphere would be less tiresome, because more nearly pictorial, than conventional still-life. Seated at the Governor's hospitable board, the guest receives from these naturalistic and picturesque mural carvings a constant invitation; the mystery of their meaning is equalled only by the modesty of their appeal, and not the least of the messages they convey is the impossibility of easily exhausting their significance.

The Governor's new library at No. 14 Gramercy Park connects by sliding doors with the dining-room and with the old library. Its dimensions are unusual, the length being about one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the breadth about twenty feet for two-thirds of the length and forty feet for the remaining third. The space which in an ordinary city house is given to the drawing-room, the library, and the dining-room has been reserved for a library, and when the decorations are finished, the Governor will receive his friends in one of the largest, most beautiful, and best-equipped private libraries in the United States. All the wood-work will be of white oak adorned with exquisite carvings, and from the ceiling, also of white oak, will shine an array of sea-green tiles. Each book-case will be high enough to almost touch the ceiling. The extraordinary size of this room is in keeping with the vast number of law-books destined to be brought into it, and its commanding importance in the general interior scheme of the edifice is believed by the Governor's friends to be not out of sympathy with the fact of his sound training and solid acquisitions as a student of law, political economy, and finance.

On the second floor, above the drawing-room, is the Governor's bedroom, a sumptuously beautiful apartment, its doors, trimmings, mantel, and wainscoting of solid satin-wood, carved and panelled, its walls hung in a delicately hued woollen fabric of chintz-like design, and its ceiling painted to show a net-work of light lines. The use of different kinds of satin-wood, both plain and grained, adds variety to the general brilliancy of the effect; and the adornment of the bevelled angle of the door-frames with a line of carving extending up from the floor, over the door, and down to the floor again produces an effect not less novel than pleasing. The bay-window of this front room is generously provided with registers for heating; and electric bell knobs are seen in various convenient places, both here and elsewhere. Four or five other bedrooms on the same floor are finished in light hard woods, their walls and ceilings most lavishly and elaborately ornamented with frescoes in warm colors. The Governor's house is at once a palace and a home.

THE DOG SHOW.

The thousand dogs assembled in Madison Square Garden comprise the canine aristocracy of the country—the *Mayflower* dogs, the F.F.V.'s in birth and breeding, dogs with names and pedigrees and blue blood. It would be hard to gather in America a finer collection of dogs of all sorts than the 961 adults and 200 puppies on exhibition in the dog show. "The Seventh Annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club" is a name entirely too long for busy New-Yorkers to twist their tongues over, and the annual exhibition has come by common consent to be known as the Dog Show, or sometimes as the New York Dog Show, to distinguish it from the similar but smaller dog conventions held annually in several Western cities and in Pittsburgh. To be the winner of a prize in the dog show is to settle at once a dog's standing in his own community, and to put him socially head and shoulders above all his companions. A result of the six competitive exhibitions already given in Madison Square Garden is that half the good dogs in the country are said to have taken the first prize in the dog show. Nearly every town and little village has had its crack dog exhibited, and when any one of these has had the good fortune to receive as much as a ribbon or a bronze medal, he soon becomes known locally as the winner of the great prize. There is nowhere else in this country that a dog's good points are subjected to such formidable competition, nor that victory gives half as much glory.

Most of the incoming trains have brought one or more dogs for the great show in the last few days. Many of the exhibitors have had hundreds and even thousands of miles to come; and these are very often among the best dogs that are brought from such a distance, for owners will not go to the trouble and expense of bringing inferior dogs from beyond the Rocky Mountains. They came early, dogs with a long journey before them, their owners desiring to give them a chance to rest and recover what might be called their animal spirits before exhibiting them. Thus one great dog from the far West has been resting in New York for three weeks, feeding on the best of dog luxuries, picking up the flesh he lost in a railroad trip from Wyoming. Most of the dogs from over the ocean have been here for some time; no exhibitor would put a dog in such a competition immediately after the fatigue and sickness of a sea-voyage—for some dogs do get seasick, and come out of a long ocean trip looking thin and pale. There are dogs here from Canada and Nova Scotia, and from England, Ireland, and Scotland, as well as from most of the States of the Union. The most aristocratic dog, perhaps, is the champion deer-hound Hero, from Queen Victoria's kennels. He bears a tag placing his value at $20,000, and keeps a bright watch over himself to see that none of the Irish setters or terriers put a charge of dynamite under his kennel.

There has been little reason in former years for calling this exhibition a bench show, for none of the dogs have been shown on benches. This year, however, the managers have made a reason for the name by putting all the mastiffs and other large dogs on exposed benches, where their points can be studied, and their perfections or imperfections easily seen. There are the usual number of kennels, in which are comfortably housed the smaller dogs, many of them spending the four days lying on handsome Turkish rugs, their houses beautifully decorated, and all their surroundings in the highest style of art. They are well cared for, regularly fed, and the petting and fondling the good-natured ones receive are without bounds. The best dog disposition, though, is likely to be soured by the oppressive attentions of a few thousand strangers; and it is a safe rule in visiting the dog show to treat every animal with the respect due to a human being, and not shake hands with him without a proper introduction. Experience has demonstrated that the very large dogs are nearly always good-natured, while little fellows are often sullen and snappy, but there are some notable exceptions to this rule. Nearly all the mastiffs are kind and neighborly; so are the St. Bernards; the setters are gentle and affectionate, the greyhounds seem to care very little whether they are noticed or not, and the bull-dogs are, as usual, best let alone.

One of the most entertaining parts of the exhibition is to see the crowds gathered in front of dogs with fabulous sums named as their price. A. H. Moore's Irish setter Berkley, for instance, is labelled $15,000; so is John S. McIntosh's Biz, and Mr. McIntosh's Lady Clare is valued at $10,000. At the first of the dog shows a fine specimen labelled $50,000 attracted more attention than all the other dogs in the show. The public had not then learned, and indeed it is not yet well understood, that these figures are merely prohibitive prices. No dog is worth anything like so much money. But a rule of the club requires each dog exhibited to have a valuation put upon him at which price he will be sold. Many owners would not part with their pet dogs for any sum, so they secure themselves by putting impossible prices upon them. Visitors to the show who see a dog labelled $20,000 must not imagine that the dog is worth that much money; the tag is only another way of saying that the dog is not for sale. There is some reason for fast horses going up into these tremendous prices, because they can be made to produce great sums on the turf, but dogs can not, and purchasers who would pay $1000 or even $500 for the finest dogs are extremely rare. The Mr. Moore just mentioned exhibits a beautiful setter, Leicester, which is marked at $10,000; the bull-dog Blister is labelled $5000; Mr. Barlow, of New York, values his two Leonbergs, Max and Tikla, at $5000 each; the Queen's deer-hound is marked $20,000; and the German mastiff Strolch, said to have been bred by Prince Karl of Prussia, is labelled "Priceless." These marks merely show that the dogs are not for sale.

The exhibition on the whole this year is better than any of its six predecessors. The standard has been markedly improved by the increase of entrance fee to $3. This has shut out the many comparatively worthless animals that were to be seen in former exhibitions, and their places have been filled by dogs of standing, as may be seen by the list of names, as well as by the increased number of entries, which have reached nearly 1100 this year, including the puppies, against a total of 1041 last year. One hundred and fifty-eight of these are included among the "large dogs" that are exhibited on open benches. Among the more famous entries are thirteen fine English pointers exhibited, but not for competition, by the Westminster Kennel Club. These include Bang Bang, Stunner, Restless, and Rose, all well-known animals. Among the champion English setters are Plantagenet and Prince, both owned in this city, and Thunderer, from Philadelphia. Among the pointers are Don, Knickerbocker, Bravo, and Dick. Irish setters are particularly well represented by Berkley, Biz, and Lady Clare. There are a number of very fine mastiffs, among them Colonel Taylor's Gurth, an immense specimen, and Mr. James Smieton's Zulu, from Cranford, New Jersey. The Chesapeake Bay dogs, a peculiar breed trained for reed-bird hunting, have for the first time a department of their own, in which there are seven entries.

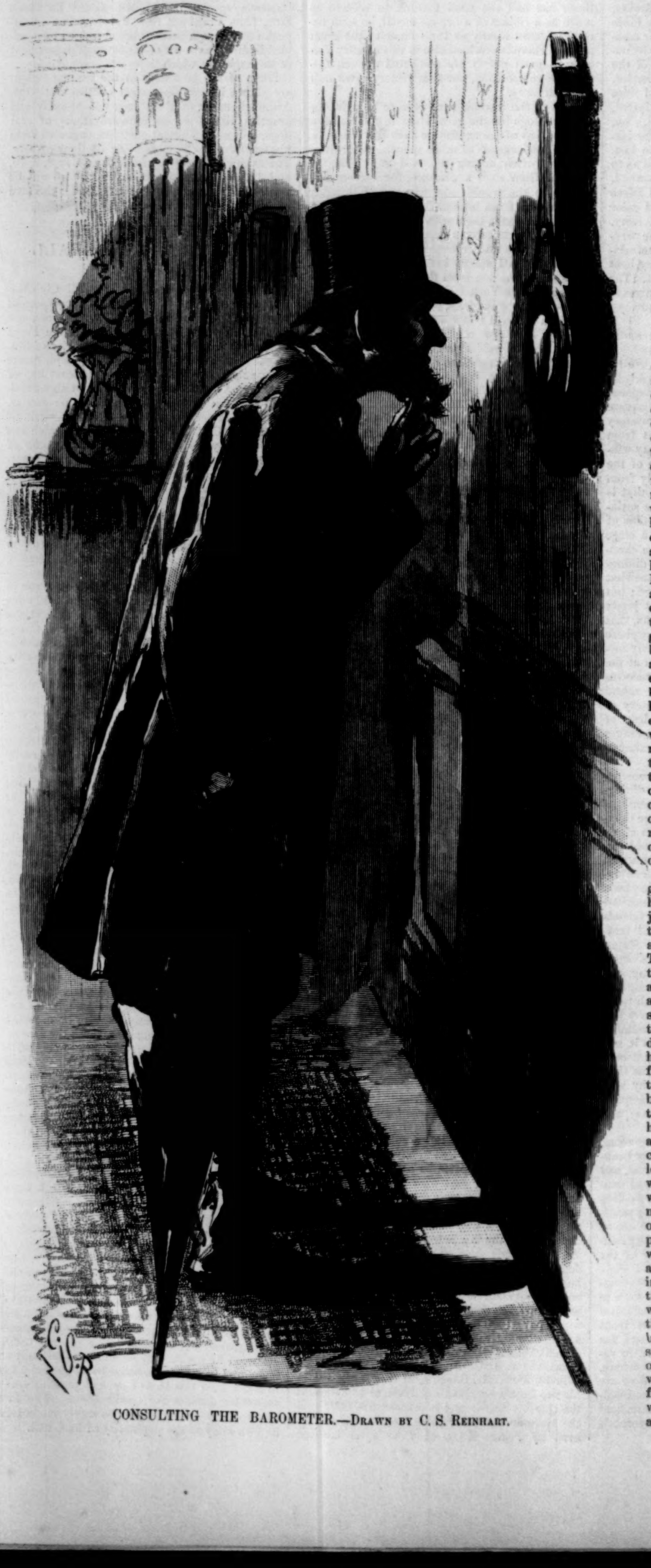
Some of the best dogs in the leading classes are shown in our illustration on the first page. Although many of them look too shapely and graceful almost to be representations of real dogs, they are all actual portraits, engraved from photographs in the possession of their owners. The exhibition lasts only four days, May 8, 9, 10, and 11, but before it closes its visitors will be numbered by hundreds of thousands, for the love of dogs is all but universal.

THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL GROUNDS.

The grounds of the Chicago Ball Club, indisputably the finest in the world in respect of seating accommodations and conveniences, are located on what is known as the Lake Front property, the title to which is in the city of Chicago. The inclosure begins at Randolph Street on the north, and extends along the east line of Michigan Avenue southward to a point about midway between Washington and Madison streets. On the east are the tracks and switch yards of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which has for several years past made a standing offer of $800,000 (not one-half its value) for the property; but as the city has been enjoined either from selling the tract or from permitting its use for permanent buildings, the ball club has continued to enjoy the rare privilege of grounds situated within a two minutes' walk of State Street, the chief retail thoroughfare of Chicago. Partly on account of the convenient location of the grounds, but more by reason of the exceptional management of the Chicago ball team, and its success in winning the National League championship for three successive seasons, beginning with 1881, the game of base-ball is extremely popular in Chicago, and the average attendance at League championship games is considerably greater there than in any other city in the United States. During the season of 1882 the attendance at the forty-five League games played in Chicago was upward of 130,000, or an average of 3000 persons to a game. With this fine patronage, made up in good part of the better classes of the community, the Chicago Club is amply able to maintain its costly team of players, and to equip its grounds and fixtures in a manner that by comparison with the usual style of base-ball appurtenances might be termed palatial. At an outlay of $10,000 since the close of the playing season of 1882 the Chicago Club, under the direction of President Spalding, has completely remodelled its seating arrangements. Every exposed surface is painted, so as to admit of thorough cleansing from dust, the item of paint alone amounting to $1800. The grand stand seats 2000 people, and the uncovered seats will accommodate 6000 more, so that with the standing room the total capacity is fully 10,000, and this without invading the playing-field. A fence six feet high encircles the field in front of all the seats, which are elevated so as to command the best view of the play. Overlooking the main entrance is a handsomely ornamented pagoda, built for a band stand, and to be occupied by the First Cavalry Band throughout the season. Surmounting the grand stand is a row of eighteen private boxes, cozily draped with curtains to keep out wind and sun, and furnished with comfortable arm-chairs. By the use of the telephone and gong President Spalding can conduct all the preliminary details of the game without leaving his private box. Besides club officers and players, the services of forty-one persons are required at each game to attend to the grounds and seating arrangements, viz., seven ushers, six policemen, four ticket-sellers, four gate-keepers, three field-men, three cushion-renters, six refreshment boys, and eight musicians. Aside from players' salaries, ground rent, and including advertising, the cost per game on the Chicago grounds is $200; add to this the salaries of players, rent of grounds, travelling and hotel expenses, and $10,000 expended this year on improvements, and the total outlay for the season is $60,000, so that the Chicago Club must average $525 for each of the ninety-six League championship games to be played during 1883. But the patronage attracted by the famous champion team both at home and in other cities may be depended upon to make good this large sum, and possibly leave something besides for stockholders. The fact that so large an outlay can be safely made tells its own story of the popularity of base-ball.

RAIN OR SHINE?

While Mr. **Reinhart** was engaged in gathering material for his illustrations to the article on "English Farmers" in **Harper's Magazine** he made several character sketches on a larger scale, one of which we present on this page. It is a picture of an English farmer anxiously consulting the barometer; and by his attitude and the expression of his face we may conjecture that the instrument is giving an unfavorable report. If he is a reader of the London weather reports he is presumably abusing the "*Herald* Weather Bureau" for sending another of its "blarsted storms" across the Atlantic by cable.



CONSULTING THE BAROMETER.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

MILITARY DRILL AT MOBILE.

There are few social customs in the South that strike the visitor more forcibly or create a deeper interest than that of the strong military spirit apparently pervading all classes. Travel as one may through all sections, from the Border States through and around the most southerly sea-port cities, it will be found everywhere. Among a people whose instinctive love of music is universally acknowledged the expectation of hearing much melody is not disappointed, for song is heard on every side, and from the plantation negro who joins his fellow-workers afield in plantation melodies, and whose marvellous power of whistling rivals even the sweet sibilant notes of the cardinal-redbird, bobolink, or mocking-bird, to the lovely ballad sung by the cultivated voice of some beautiful city belle, they all seem to have selected those songs through which there runs a tinge of the military.

Take also the Southerner as he rides. Could anything be finer? Meet him alone on a back-country road, or on the broad paved avenues of New Orleans, he is always the accomplished horseman. His attitude may at times appear careless; it is a graceful carelessness; it is never slovenly, but is always military. In Mobile I often found it a pleasant means of rest after a day's work to saunter along those brightly lighted streets listening to the joyous hum of human voices; but more especially delightful did I find the long vistas of Government Street, where the silvery moonlight filtered through the thick leafy arcade of overhanging branches, and lay like streamlets across the roadway. It was here I caught glimpses of that lovely Southern home life of which I had heard so much.

While returning from one of these rambles I met three handsomely uniformed young men about to enter the door of what I knew to be a theatre. Knowing there was to be a drill of some kind that night, I stopped one, and handing him my card, asked if a stranger would be allowed to witness their entertainment. With the utmost cordiality they assented, and informed me that the annual competition for the black plume was to take place.

The scene of the contest was a beautiful one. The large theatre floor had been cleared of seats, and the audience filled the galleries, the stage, and lined the walls four or five deep around the room.

The proceedings opened with an inspection of the troops by the colonel of the regiment, and a preliminary drill gone through with, and during this I had an opportunity to see the excellent state of perfection the company had been brought to. It was "forward," "double-quick," "wheel," "by fours," "charge," "load," "fire," "kneel," then "charge," etc., etc., followed by a succession of rapid manœuvres too numerous to mention, and utterly bewildering to the average observer, but presenting a spectacle of movement, brilliancy, and precision most splendid.

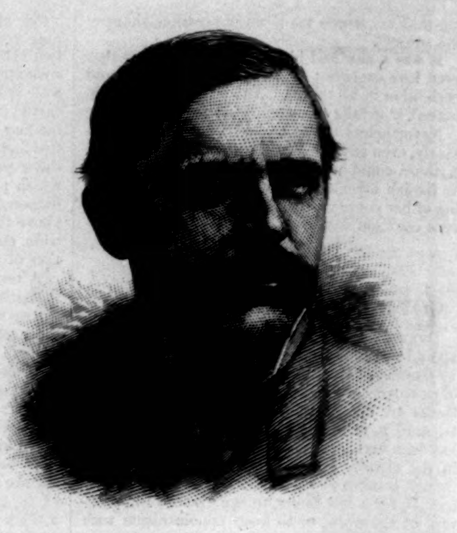
The event of the evening is the competitive drill. It is "fall in" again, and with several of the most vigilant officers (some of them veterans) on the watch to detect mistakes, the contest begins. The officer drilling them stands before them with a light rattan cane in hand, and while the others watch, he gives his orders in clear, crisp tones, every syllable of which can be heard all over the room. Presently a man makes a mistake; it is a slight one, the turn of a wrist, the misplacing of a finger, unnoticed by me; but the audience saw it as quickly as those lynx-eyed officers. A gesture by one of them, and the luckless youth with flushed face takes a backward step and leaves the ranks. Shouts of laughter follow him, for he is the first one out. The contest goes on, and as one by one the failing ones drop out, murmurs of pity or shouts of laughter from the audience follow.

And now the interest grows keener. So many have dropped out and joined the "majority" that the once-solid ranks are reduced to two. Tired and distressed they look, but stalwart and defiant still. They appear every inch the soldier—the flower of their company. The drill-master pours out his orders quicker and faster; he turns and twists them in every way, but can not break these two young fellows down; his voice rises a trifle and quickens with excitement. The audience lean forward and await with bated breath. They watch keenly every movement, and murmurs of pity and admiration pass among the ladies, while wagers are offered and taken here and there in suppressed tones by the men. How long will it last? Apparently these two are perfect; but presently there is a storm of applause, and one stands alone—the victor. The colonel steps forward, presents him with the handsome medal, places the rich black plume in his cap, proclaims him the victor, and he is carried away amid a crowd of rejoicing friends. Presently the band bursts forth in a waltz, and in place of the clash of arms and tramp of charging men, beautiful women change the scene to one of fairy-land as they float by in the circling dance.

As one reaches the distant corner, and turns to look up at the brilliantly lighted building bathed in moonlight, one recognizes that same military strain floating through the music, and together with the footfalls of the dancers, now merged by distance into regular beats, it takes but small effort of imagination to change the scene to one as of a marching army. So strongly has this spirit of military rivalry taken hold of the people that military competitions are held in various localities. Prizes exceeding $8000 are offered this year at Nashville, $4000 to go to the best-drilled company. The spirit for these competitions is extending, for already I am told that some of our own hardy Northern boys are drilling, and on their way to the scene of martial but peaceful competition.

Any one visiting the levee at Mobile will almost any night witness the scene a sketch of which I send you. Here the companies are drilled in various manœuvres requiring larger space than their armory affords; here also they get accustomed to drilling before a crowd of on-lookers. The moving bodies of men, the flaming torches, far-reaching rays of powerful lamps through which the companies pass, now brilliantly lighted, now in deep or half shadow, the loud commands, clouds of dust, and dark background of shifting crowd, lofty shipping, and star-lit sky, make it a scene very warlike and picturesque.

J. O. Davidson.



PHILIP B. THOMPSON, JUN.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.

PHILIP B. THOMPSON, JUN.

As a general rule, the man who takes the law into his own hands and kills another for some real or imaginary injury, thus constituting himself judge, jury, and executioner, invokes all the machinery of the law in his own defense, and claims for himself the means of vindication which he had denied his victim. Mr. **Philip B. Thompson**, Jun., the Kentucky Congressman, who killed Mr. **Walter H. Davis** a few days ago, on hear-say report, without giving the latter the chance to say a word for himself, will have the assistance of the ablest lawyers in the country in trying to prove that he was justified in the act. In reality, although Mr. **Thompson** has been indicted for murder, it will be the murdered man who will be tried; and even the Kentucky papers, which at first applauded the killing, are beginning to perceive that justice would have been better satisfied had Mr. **Davis** been heard before he was summarily slain.

THE KIRMESS.

In the "sixties" of our century New-Yorkers went to see *Faust* and other operas which involved German customs with no more definite idea of their meaning than was produced by the meagre paint and scenic effect of the Fourteenth Street Opera-house of that date.

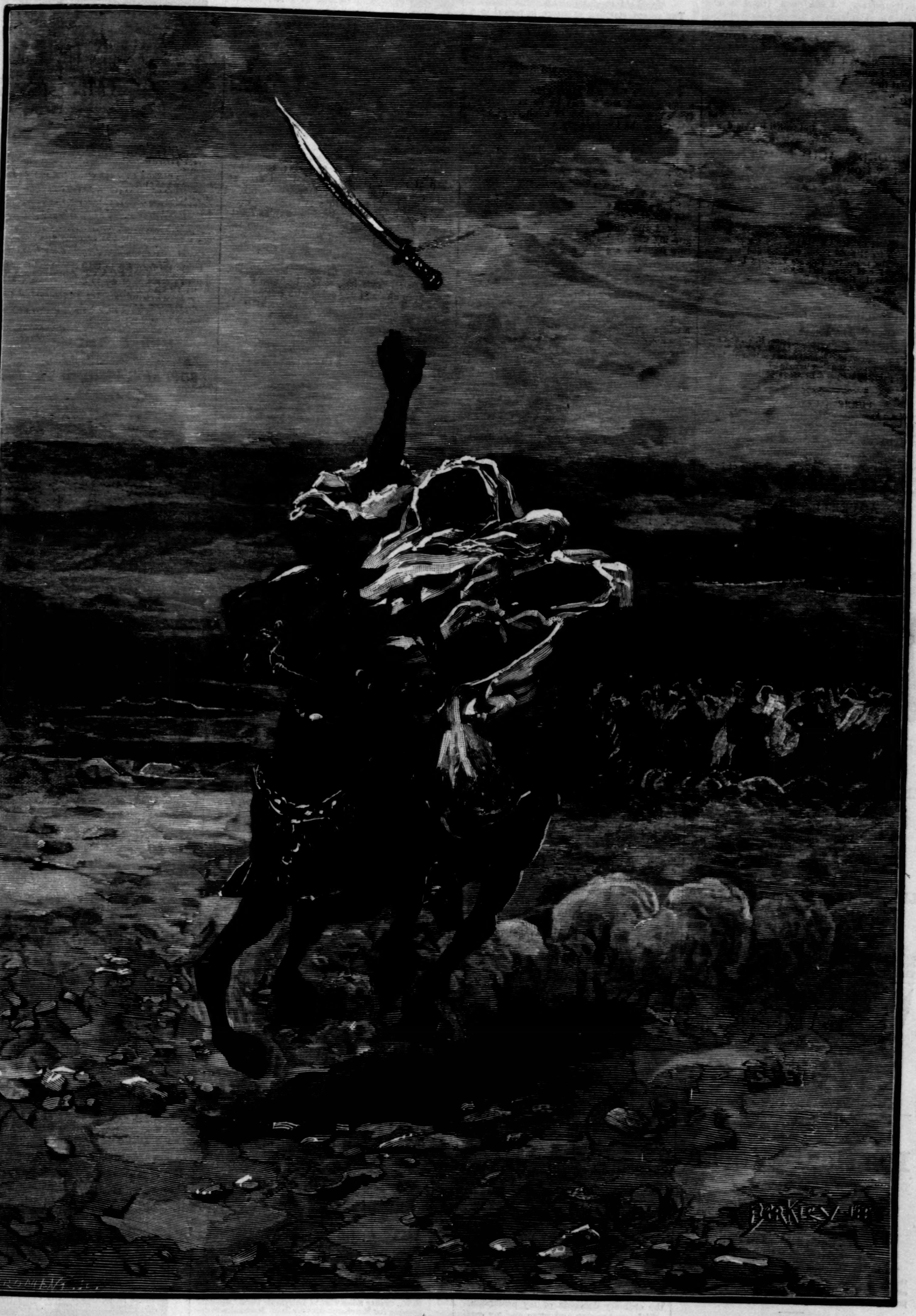
There was a scene called the "Kirmess," but we question if any large proportion of the audience understood the term. Kirmess in its real significance means a "fair" for peasants and people, patronized by the "upper ten," regarded as a festival, with traditional forms and usages, and has existed since the classical period of the world. The ancient Greeks held fairs to celebrate a holiday as well as to indulge in the traffic of slaves, and it is supposed that the Romans in their *fora* had something of a similar character. But in France and Germany the idea of a fair was perfected. As early as the ninth century we hear of fairs under the rule of *le bon Roi* **Dagobert**, a monarch who justified the feelings of his people by approving of their desire for public amusements. In Germany at about the same time fairs were popular, and the Kirmess began its sway some centuries ago.

The Kirmess unites the facilities for sales with amusements which, properly speaking, belong to a fair, but its special characteristics are music and dancing, and the annual revival of certain old customs.

For some time past the idea of a Kirmess in New York has been developing, and on the evening of Saturday, April 28, a brilliant entertainment was given at **Delmonico's**. The object was a laudable one, the proceeds being given to the Hospital for Cancer and Skin Diseases. Tickets were sold at one dollar each, and the attendance was enormous, the only drawback being that the crowd was entirely too great for the rooms. In the attempt to pass from one room to another, about ten o'clock, there was a dead-lock, and a panic might have ensued, had not the entire company been bent on preserving order. Three ladies fainted, and one had her arm dislocated.

The ball-room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and roses, and Dutch mottoes printed on orange-colored cloth were hung at intervals among the flowers, producing a fine effect.

The dances, which had been long in preparation by Professor **Carl Marwig**, began about nine o'clock, in the ball-room, where a space had been reserved for them. Twenty-two couples took part, and although no names were given, we may mention that the dancers were leading ladies and gentlemen of New York society. The opening figure was the "Dutch Quadrille," the couples entering from a side room arm in arm executing certain preliminary steps with remarkable spirit and grace. The costumes were such as are worn in Holland to-day, and in some instances were relics of old Knickerbocker life in New York, notably in one case where the cap



EXULTATION.

and ornaments had belonged to the wearer's family over two hundred years, the lace was peculiarly fine, and the gold almost Florentine in quality. The second dance introduced the picturesque Tyrolean costume, the costumes of the gentlemen showing great taste and an accurate knowledge of the details of the dress. The dancers entered to a horn accompaniment, and then followed the national Tyrolean dance to the music of the zither. These dances were repeated after eleven o'clock, when the crowd had somewhat diminished. Other attractions were offered in the anterooms, where a floral bazar and gypsy fortune-teller and Dutch "erdbeerentrank en waffels" entertained a crowd during the course of the afternoon and evening. Enormous sums were paid for the flowers, two hundred dollars being offered in return for a single rose, and one hundred dollars for a boutonnière.

As it is proposed to make the Kirmess an annual festival, this occasion has a special significance, and a suggestion for the future is that the juvenile part of the entertainment take place one day in advance of the evening fair. On this occasion the children's ball was given in the afternoon, and though very successful, involved a great deal of care and fatigue for those who had to participate in the later festivities.

HOW CANADA OBTAINED ITS NAME.

The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made partial searches for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, "A can nada" (there is nothing there). The Indians, who watched closely, learned the sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and frequently repeated to them the Spanish sentence "A can nada." The French supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and called it Canada.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
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Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[*Adv.*]

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"Structural Decoration" is the title of a neat illustrated pamphlet, full of valuable hints and suggestions to those about to paint their buildings. Published by H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N.Y., and sent free to applicants. The Asbestos Liquid Paints, manufactured by this Co., are reputed to be the best made for structural purposes, and they have been adopted several years for painting Harper & Brothers' building.—[*Adv.*]

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The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. Complete Edition, with *The Idyls of the King* arranged in order. With Numerous Illustrations and Three Characteristic Portraits. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

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DANGER FROM DRUGS.

The recent startling exposure in regard to a general system of drug-adulterations practised not only by the compounders of patent medicines, but by prescription druggists, has, as might be supposed, caused wide-spread alarm and anxiety among a very large class of persons who are suffering from acute or chronic ailments.

The flower Safety is often plucked from the nettle Danger, and it may be so in this case. Crude drugs, whether pure or adulterated, when taken into the human body, work more or less disorder in its delicate organisms. The general abandonment of these hurtful substances, whether from a rational conviction of their injurious effects, or from fear of getting poisoned through wicked adulterations, will be a great gain for the public.

"But what are we to do?" comes from the sick and suffering on all sides, especially from those afflicted with chronic diseases which are steadily growing worse. "The let-alone system will not cure us. We are sick and without help, must continue to grow worse, and in the end die."

The answer to this half-despairing question, if it were indeed the true one, would be hailed with gladness by thousands and tens of thousands who have lost faith in drugs, and well-nigh in physicians. A new and better treatment of disease—a true and rational treatment—must be one that does not assault, shock, or weaken the depressed, over-sensitive, and exhausted vital organs, but help and encourage them to renewed action. It must infuse life into the nervous centres, restore to all the wonderful and delicate machinery, which has been obstructed by disease, a steadier and more orderly movement, and so slowly but surely set the patient on the road to health.

"Is there such a treatment?" hundreds who read this will eagerly inquire. We answer that there is, as thousands who have used it can and do testify in the most positive manner. A shadow of doubt comes over your face. You know how wickedly the sick are deceived and plundered by those who make gain of their sufferings. If you can fairly examine and weigh evidence carefully, the largest opportunity to decide for yourself as to the value of this treatment will be afforded.

Under this new treatment, which is by inhalation, there is no weakening of the tone of the stomach by drugs, and no violent assaults upon any nerve or fibre in the body, *but a gentle and subtly penetrating influence, reaching to the very centre of all the life-forces, and restoring them to healthier action.* The natural result is that, when a patient recovers he is in a far better condition to resist the causes which produce disease than the patient who has had the life-forces weakened through drug medication.

As a restorer of vital force, it can be largely shown from the results obtained during the past twelve years, that *it is the most efficient agent yet discovered by the medical profession. Its use by overworked business and professional men, and by all who suffer from nervous exhaustion and low vitality, would save many hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion, and peril which now attend their labors.*

The treatment to which we refer is that known as the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It is dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, who will furnish any persons who write to them with such documentary evidence, and reports of cases and cures, as will enable them to judge for themselves as to its value as a curative agent. As they make no charge for consultation, it will cost nothing to get from them a medical opinion in any special case which may be submitted to them, personally or by letter.

Below are presented a few cases, out of many hundreds which are on record, showing the remarkable action of this treatment, which is always in the line of natural forces, and in harmony with well-known physiological laws. They are taken from the January number of *Health and Life*, a quarterly record of cases and cures under the New Compound Oxygen Treatment. This journal has been published for over three years, and presents the most wonderful record of cures in chronic and desperate cases that the world has ever seen. Any questions as to the genuineness of these reports will be answered by evidence of so direct and positive a character that even the most sceptical will be convinced.

The first report we offer for consideration is that made by a well-known member of the legal profession in New York City, who, in speaking of his condition in October, 1882, when he began the new treatment, says: "My case seemed quite desperate when I consulted you. Utter nervous prostration and extreme physical debility was my condition. A weak and inactive stomach and imperfect assimilation of food had brought me to this. * * * I could not go to my law office, or give any attention to my business. * * * You told me that I might not be conscious of any benefit from it for a week or two, or even longer. *But within two or three days I began to improve, growing stronger* day by day, *until in the course of a month I had back almost my normal strength and could resume my law practice*, so that by guarding against overwork I find myself equal to the ordinary demands of my profession. And still I can do more and more *and am continuing to feel better.* My stomach works well and feels well. My digestion seems to be easy and natural." Writing again, December 14th, he says: "*The general tone of my system has gained immensely even in the short time since I wrote you last.* I feel like myself again, and am full of strength and courage for a renewal of the battle of life, *which only a few months since seemed to me to be ended.*"

The next report is that made by a physician in New York State, who, finding his daughter in a rapid decline, and being unable to arrest the disease, tried Compound Oxygen as a last resort. The results are given in the following extract from one of his letters: "Your Home Treatment was duly received, and my daughter immediately commenced its use, stopping all other treatment. *The results are marvellous indeed.* She says that *she feels nearly well*, except that she has some cough yet. You will see by reference to my former letter that she had a very bad train of symptoms. *Two physicians whom I called to see her pronounced it a case of Tuberculosis, and gave it as their opinion that she would not recover.* She had had a cough for a year; was very hoarse; had severe pain in right side; chill for last two months, with night sweats, emaciation, weakness, loss of appetite, and nervousness; could not sleep at night; pulse a hundred and over at times; respiration about twenty-five to thirty-four. She began to improve in about one week from the time she commenced the Oxygen Treatment, and has continued to improve up to the present time. *All the bad symptoms I have enumerated have passed off.* She gained six pounds in weight in four weeks."

In the case of a lady residing in Wellsville, Mo., whose friends had, to use her own words, "all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could," the following report, after six weeks' use of the Treatment, is given: "I have been using Oxygen for six weeks, and am now able to ride to town, six miles, do my shopping, and back again, get dinner for my family, and work at light housework all the remainder of the day without stopping to rest. Sleep seven or eight hours soundly; no night sweats, no distressing sick-headaches as I used to have. My friends had all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could, but, instead, I am looking better than for years, and I think it is through God's mercy and his blessing and your Oxygen that has brought me health and happiness."

A neuralgic patient writes: "After suffering from Neuralgia in the face for some weeks, with no relief from medicine, and growing daily weaker, I sent for the Oxygen, *which rapidly removed the trouble. In three weeks it was gone*, and I am now feeling better than for some time past, and am still gaining."

But space will not permit further extracts from this number of *Health and Life*, which contains favorable reports from nearly a hundred patients, many of them even more surprising than those given above. If you are interested enough to wish to see other reports of cases and cures, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen for a copy of *Health and Life*, also for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and they will be mailed to your address.

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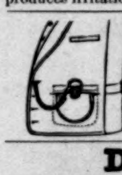

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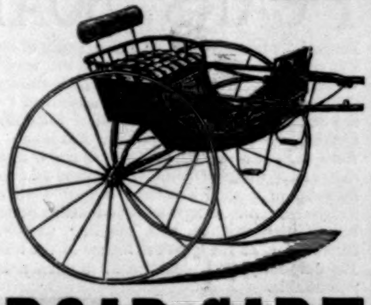

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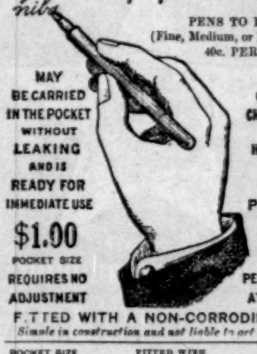

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